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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

Events of the Week.

THE German submarine is taking over the work of commerce-raiding which the "Emden" and her fellows once performed in the remoter seas. It is proving a more efficient instrument of destruction, for, while no German cruiser has operated nearer to our own shores than the South Atlantic, submarine U 21 has been busy off the Lancashire coast. Three small merchant-steamers were stopped and boarded by her on Saturday at points barely twenty miles from the mouth of the Mersey. The crews were given ten minutes to take to their boats. Her commander behaved with some show of courtesy, gave the crews every facility to collect their personal belongings, offered them cigars, and, in one case, commandeered a small steamer to carry them into port. One of the Dublin mail boats was chased, but escaped by varying her course and increasing her speed. Three ships bound for Glasgow had a similar experience. The first effect of the submarine's appearance in these crowded waters was much too nearly what the Germans desired. Several packet companies cancelled their sailings, and rates of insurance leaped upwards beyond all reason. This nervousness can and must be governed. The actual damage done by this raid was insignificant, no liner or other big ship was attacked, and it was once more proved that the submarine can be baffled by high speed.

THE performances of the U 21 are open to no great criticism as legitimate warfare—so long (and the qualification is important) as they are conducted in fair weather

and the crew are given a real chance of life. They even show something of the same combination of daring with grim courtesy which half-excused the "Emden" to the British public. As a proof of what the submarine can do, they were rather painfully interesting. If a score of submarines could do this sort of thing every day, we should feel the effects of their work in diminished food-supplies. But an occasional raid by one or two boats can have no effect whatever, and that is all the Germans can hope to achieve. In an entirely different category of barbarism was the attack by a submarine on the same day on two British steamers, the "Tokomaru" and the "Icaria," off Cape Antifer. No warning was given, and the crews were saved by French torpedo-boats. Still worse was the outrage upon the "Asturias," a British hospital ship, painted white according to rule, with conspicuous red crosses, against which a submarine was distinctly seen to fire a torpedo, which, happily, missed its target.

THESE submarine raids in British and French waters were apparently a trial trip. The German Admiralty has issued a notice which gives warning of the intention to organize them systematically after February 18th, and amounts in effect to a declaration of blockade. In the "war region" of our coast waters and the Channel our merchantmen may be destroyed "without it being always possible to divert dangers from the crew and passengers." More sinister still is the further statement that "neutral vessels may be hit." The excuses for this wholesale policy of terrorism are that "incidents" cannot always be prevented in sea warfare, and that the British Government is alleged on January 31st to have "ordered the misuse of the neutral flag." To what this refers we have not the faintest idea. The German intention, since no effective blockade can possibly be declared, is apparently to frighten neutral vessels away from our ports, by suggesting that submarines are likely to run amuck, and further, that they will be justified in running amuck.

THIS is evidently a calculated irresponsibility of barbarism. No warship, submarine or surface vessel is entitled to sink any merchant-vessel, enemy or neutral, without a warning to her crew, and even in the blockade of the American Civil War, neutrals were not captured for a first offence. It is not conceivable that the Germans can make their submarine blockade effective, even in a limited area. But they may hope to produce some effect by sowing vague alarm, and raising freights and prices. But other "moral" effects will also follow, and if their Admiralty attempts to carry out this policy, it will have to face American anger.

THE taking over by the German Government of all the stores of grain, and its regulation of the supply by a system of siege-rations, has naturally modified the whole question of contraband. There is now a case for treating food, not as conditional, but as absolute contraband, since it is all destined for the Government. Cargoes of food in neutral ships for German ports may, therefore, be liable to seizure and confiscation. This would amount to a blockade, and seems to add pressure on the non-combatant

population to the other methods of prosecuting the war. A Foreign Office statement announces that a test case will be taken in our Prize Courts. The "Wilhelmina," an American ship carrying foodstuffs to Germany, will have to submit to the seizure of her cargo, but as she sailed before the German decree was published, it will not be confiscated. The statement says that no general decision as to our policy has yet been taken, but adds that recent German practices may authorize retaliation, though with due regard to the rights of neutrals. The Washington correspondent of the "Times" warns us that "the plea that we are trying to starve non-combatants, women and children, is peculiarly adapted to appeal to American humanitarianism." Dr. Wilson's Ship Purchase Bill has, meanwhile, been held up by the opposition of the Senate, and a section of the Democrats appears to resent his efforts to impose party discipline. The Bill, however, is not yet lost, and further efforts will be made to pass it, but some amendments will probably be accepted, making it clear that the Bill shall not be so applied as to bring advantage to any of the belligerents.

* * *

THE week has been uneventful on the Western front. Though something has happened in each section daily, the French *communiqués* throw only two events into slight relief—a British success at Cuinchy, which did something more than repel a fierce German attack, and a French success on the Béthune-La Bassée road, which ended in the almost total destruction of an attacking battalion. Even these, however, were small affairs; there has been no attempt to repeat the heavy German attacks which the Kaiser's birthday is supposed to have inspired last week. More has happened on the Russian front, but nothing, even here, of a decisive nature. The Germans have made what seems to have been a very determined attempt to advance towards Warsaw in the Borzymow district. The first attacks on the Russian lines were partially successful, though at a cost, it is said, of 6,000 German killed. The lost trenches have since been recovered, but the German aggressive continues in this district. Elsewhere, the Russian forces have slightly advanced against East Prussia, both in the Mława region and before Gumbinnen. The fight for the Carpathian passes, where German contingents are now stiffening the Austrian resistance, has also gone well, and at several points the Russians have crossed the watershed, and see the plains of Hungary below them.

* * *

THE Turkish attack on Egypt has begun this week, rather sooner than official anticipations had led us to expect it. As a military operation against our well-defended positions on the Canal, it was far from being formidable, but it is none the less a proof that the Turks have to some extent contrived to overcome the difficulties of transport over the nearly waterless desert of Sinai. Their force is estimated at about 12,000 men with six batteries, an absurdly small allowance of artillery with which to take defended positions. The attack was delivered at three points on Tuesday night and on Wednesday. At one point the enemy had bridging material. The "Hardinge," an armed Indian troopship, and other ships took part in the defence, and Egyptian soldiers are mentioned as having conducted themselves well. We took 8 officers and 282 men prisoners in the main action at Toussoum, and 36 at El Kantara. Our casualties were light, amounting to 3 officers and 79 men killed and wounded. We must expect more serious attacks in larger force, but as the

enemy attempts to increase his numbers, the difficulties of transport may become insuperable. From the Russian side comes, meanwhile, the news that Tabriz has been re-occupied, and the Turco-Kurdish force which had taken it, expelled with little or no resistance.

* * *

PARLIAMENT re-assembled on Tuesday, and though its most serious immediate work—the remodelling of the Defence of the Realm Act—has hardly been touched, some interesting statements have been made to it. We gather, first, that there is no thought of a Coalition, a device which, we imagine, was disposed of in the summer. The Opposition's attitude to the Government was very fairly defined by Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Bonar Law. The truce was to be observed, and there was to be no "party hostility." But though the Government had given confidential information to Opposition leaders, these gentlemen had not been consulted or forewarned as to war-policy and action. Therefore they must retain "the right of criticism." Their request to the Government was to abstain from controversial legislation. To this the Prime Minister responded by resigning the Government's present right to press the Plural Voting Bill—a serious loss from the Liberal point of view. On the whole, the arrangement strikes us as fair. The Government are bound to accept full responsibility for the conduct of the war, and it is to the public advantage that their opponents should continue (without faction) to be their critics.

* * *

On a minor point the Government have slightly enlarged their power over the House of Commons. They have taken from the private member what the Prime Minister called his "initiative" in legislation. Private Bills are not to be presented this Session. The right is a small and vanishing one, and we can hardly set it up again in time of war. Radical members would do well to think less of their little Bills and more of saving the foundation of English law. It is also important to retain the power of criticizing the Executive, and on this ground there is a slight gain, the time for discussing motions on the adjournment being extended from half-an-hour to an hour. The Prime Minister rebuked with warmth a Radical tendency to walk down side-alleys in an hour when six millions of people were fighting to the death and every energy should be brought to bear, "with a single mind and with concentrated purpose, in order to achieve, successfully and gloriously, the end that we have in view."

* * *

THE Tory and Liberal lawyers in the Lords (in default of the Commons) have set about the necessary work of restoring Magna Charta. Under this pressure the Government have been obliged to accept the second reading of Lord Parmoor's Bill, restoring to civilians the right (taken from them under the Defence of the Realm Act) to be tried in the Civil Courts, instead of by court-martial. This, as Lord Parmoor said in a caustic phrase, gave back to the country the principle of the Great Charter (established in the Petition and Declaration of Rights) that no man should be tried save by a jury of his peers. The Lord Chancellor promised to accept this principle, for whose violation he has never adduced a single argument, and re-embody it in our laws, but with two qualifications. Aliens—whether friendly or not—are still to be under the Military Courts. And the Government reserve themselves power to re-impose military law—*e.g.*, in case of invasion. Has the Executive a right to suspend the

British Constitution, provided the means of maintaining it (in this case the ability of the civil courts to sit) are in existence? We hope this demand will be stoutly challenged in the Commons. The attitude of the official Opposition in the Lords was not encouraging, Lord Lansdowne expressing, without explaining, his general preference for courts-martial, and being prepared to risk "occasional miscarriages of justice."

* * *

THE long-looked-for Report of the Committee on War Pensions and Allowances, which was issued on Wednesday, reflects the awakened spirit of the nation in respect to our obligations to the victims of war. This is notably true of disablement pensions, the minimum allowance being raised from 16s. 6d. to 25s., with an additional allowance of 2s. 6d. for each child. In the case of partial disablement, the soldier or sailor is to receive such a sum as will bring his total income to this figure. These proposals constitute a real advance, and they remove the odious prospect of dependence on charity from the horrors of the soldier's life. We note also that it is recommended that old soldiers, old sailors, and their widows shall be employed in Government service whenever possible, and that in such cases the remuneration shall be fixed without regard to the pension they are receiving. This is a significant departure from existing Treasury practice.

* * *

In dealing with widows, the Committee propose to discriminate by age. A childless widow is to have 10s. a week instead of 7s. 6d., but at 35 she is to have 12s. 6d., and at 45, 15s. a week. The allowances for children are to be 5s. for the first child, 3s. 6d. for the second, and 2s. for subsequent children, whereas the existing scheme only allows for four children at the outside, and allows 2s. 6d. a child. But our readers know we should have preferred a more liberal pension for widows, not because we think of every woman as dependent on a man, but because we think that she has earned the right to greater choice in life than is bestowed by an insufficient pension. For this reason, we sympathize with the proposal made by the "Common Cause," that an alternative offer might be made, in the form of provision for training for an occupation at the public expense. We understand that a scheme of this kind was put before the Committee, and we assume that the Committee thought it impracticable.

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THE separation allowances are improved. A wife with one child will receive 17s. 6d. instead of 15s.; a wife with four children 25s. instead of 22s.; motherless children 5s. instead of 3s. 7d. An important change is made in the range of the allowances; a "dependent" including any person who has in part been dependent on the soldier or sailor. When more than one person is dependent on one man, the maximum allowance may be increased to the amount which would have been payable if the first dependent had been a wife and the rest had been children.

* * *

THE prospects of Roumanian intervention have grown rather less favorable this week, and it is well to discount the irresponsible statements of statesmen out of office. Mr. Bouchier, one of the few correspondents who observe coldly and speak plainly, telegraphs bluntly to the "Times" from Bucharest that the Government has no intention of breaking neutrality at an early date, and that the Irredentist agitation has subsided. He goes

on to add that Roumania can make no forward move while Serbia maintains her present attitude. He means, presumably, that the Serbian refusal to recognize Bulgarian rights in Macedonia has had the effect of rendering even the continued neutrality of Bulgaria doubtful. Those whose knowledge of the Balkans is the most intimate and the most recent are agreed in thinking that no Serbian statesman dare make spontaneous concessions to Bulgaria, but also that the wisest of them would welcome a judicious statement of the wishes of the *Entente* Powers. Without it there is no probability that the Balkan States can achieve their own unity. Our diplomacy does not seem to understand the psychology of these peoples, and the result may well be that Serbia will again be gravely imperilled, and that the *Entente* will miss the aid of the other Balkan States. It is fairly clear that until Bulgaria is reconciled, neither Roumania nor Greece dare move.

* * *

ITALIAN opinion is, meanwhile, gravely pre-occupied by suspicions that an ambitious manœuvre is in progress, with Signor Giolitti as its moving spirit, to overthrow the Salandra Government in the interests of a pro-German policy. Signor Giolitti has issued a sort of denial, in which, however, he admits that he has been meeting Prince von Bülow, and expresses the belief that Italy's national ambitions may be satisfied without war. It is generally believed that the German plan is that Austria shall make over the Trentino to her for form's sake, and that she will, in due course, reward Italy for continued neutrality by presenting it to her. How far this represents the real intentions of Austria, no one can say, but to encourage such hopes is an astute method of delaying any decisive action on Italy's part.

* * *

WHEN Japan declared war on Germany, she promised that the German colony of Kiau-chow should be restored to China after the war. A *communiqué*, issued by Reuter, which is apparently an official Japanese statement, qualifies this promise. The colony will "eventually" be restored to China, but it was leased to Germany fifteen years ago for ninety-nine years, and Japan has by conquest acquired the rights of Germany. In other words, Japan has come to stay, at all events for our time and our children's. There are, meanwhile, reports from Peking of extensive Japanese demands on China for railway and mining concessions, both in Manchuria and in China proper. This war cannot fail to have an enormous effect on the colonial policy of all the Powers in the Far and Middle East. But no settlement of these Imperial questions ought to be attempted without a careful adjustment of competing interests and a serious attempt to foresee and prevent future conflicts.

* * *

WE hope that the Russian Government has not said its last word in the case of Vladimir Bourtseff, who has now been sentenced to deportation to Siberia. This is probably the retort of the secret police on Bourtseff's exposure of the work of the agents provocateurs. But the case has been metamorphosed by Bourtseff's work in inviting the revolutionary elements in Russia to rally to the national cause. What greater service could a man render to his country in such a time? The Russian Government is not insensitive to public opinion here and in America, where, by the way, we note that many journals favorable to the Allied Cause are deeply concerned over the complaints by Russian Jews of the pogroms and expulsions to which we referred last week.

Politics and Affairs.

UNDER THE BLACK FLAG.

"We find ourselves to-day in a state of necessity, and necessity knows no law."—*The German Chancellor on the invasion of Belgium.*

"What is permissible includes every means of war without which the object of the war cannot be obtained."—*The German War Book.*

TOWARDS the end of Herbert Spencer's life, that great man, in a letter to the writer of this article, deplored what he called the "re-barbarisation" of the world, as the result of its relapse into the cycle of wars. If he had lived to this hour, he would have seen not only how swift and far has been the fall, but how a great system of European State culture can be made to excuse and to popularize it. The spirit of war-barbarism has already laid in ruins one little country, the most industrious of all. It now claims a greater victim. It threatens to abolish the traditions, usages, rules of instinct and feeling, which, in the language of the Declaration of St. Petersburg, endeavor to "conciliate the necessities of war with the laws of humanity." Statesmanship has never succeeded in bringing all these customs under the banner even of a system of voluntary international law. They belong not so much to codes and articles as to that public treasure which the jurists of The Hague described as the "requirements of the public conscience." Here they in truth exist, and if they can only die in the heart of man when everything good dies too, one may well ask what broken fragments of pitiful dealing will be left when a perverted philosophy has done with them.

Let us examine the special depravity of thought exhibited in the recent German exploits on our merchant shipping. There are three such acts—the sinking of three British steamers near the Lancashire coast, the torpedoing without notice of two more steamers in the neighborhood of Le Havre, and the attempt to torpedo a large and well-known State hospital ship, the "Asturias." They have been succeeded by the proclamation of a paper blockade of our home waters, threatening to destroy every hostile merchant vessel, in spite of "dangers" to their crews and passengers, and those of neutral ships. The degree of moral protection against these deeds is various. The first and second come under what may fairly be described as the "rules of the sea." The third is definitely prohibited by the sixth Hague Convention of 1907. In no case are the facts quite complete. But it is important to remember that the worst construction of them is already accepted and defended by the German press. Their ground is quite simple. Britain is held to be engaged in a scheme to starve Germany out by virtue of a blockade of her ports. We do not accept this description. Sir Edward Grey has defined the prime object for which we have patrolled the German coasts as the stoppage of her war supplies, not the reduction of her people by starvation. But Germany insists that she is entitled to make "all reprisals" on our sea-policy. These reprisals plainly include the sinking of merchantmen, and, if needs must, the drowning of their crews. Here we may dis-

tinguish. If the French official report of the attempts to torpedo the "Tokomaru" and the "Icaria" is correct, the German commander of the submarine was prepared to see ships and crews go down together. But a distinction was made in the case of the three ships which were scuttled on the Lancashire coast. The crews were given ten minutes to quit their vessels and take to their boats.

Clearly the value of such tender mercies as these depends on the state of the sea, the distance from a port, and the number and seaworthiness of the ships' boats. If all these conditions are favorable to life, the element of ruthlessness lies within the bounds of humanity. Otherwise, such an order may be fully as murderous as the piratical act which released the torpedoes that struck the "Tokomaru" and the "Icaria." The pirate, with his hand against all men, and all ports closed against the black flag, orders his captives to walk the plank, not necessarily for cruelty's sake, but because he cannot be troubled with their presence on the corsair. The German, whom our sea-power places in a similar predicament, devises a swifter and more wholesale form of death. Under the special circumstances of this war we may grant his right to cripple our sea-going trade, sink our merchant vessels, and intercept the transport of soldiers and munitions of war. All such risks we take and provide for, recognizing that as the power of the submarine grows, the pride of our insularity declines. But when no difference is acknowledged between the life of the fighting seaman and that of the peaceful seafarer carrying goods to neutrals as well as to belligerents, we approach the rules and the reign of Captain Kidd. Neither war custom nor international law gives the smallest warrant for the sinking of merchant ships, be they enemy or neutral, unless the enemy warns the crews and passengers, and gives time for them to escape.

But if, in the case of the "Tokomaru" and the "Icaria," we have to do with the repudiation of the customary rights of humanity under which crews of merchantmen are either conveyed to port or helped away from a sinking vessel, the attempt to scuttle the "Asturias" is an unspeakable breach with the letter, as well as the spirit, of international law. Hospital ships are necessarily protected on sea as hospitals on land, subject to the same proviso that their merciful purpose is clear and is clearly indicated by outward signs. All these conditions were fulfilled in the case of the "Asturias." She was painted white outside, with a horizontal band of green, and with three red crosses illuminated so as to make these markings plain by night. As she was attacked at five o'clock in the afternoon, her character and emblems must have been discernible. If, therefore, the act of the German commander was intentional, Germany has torn a huge rent in the fabric of the Geneva Convention. The evidence on these points should be ample, and the Admiralty will do well to collect and produce it. But the difficulty over the worst of these German atrocities is always the same. The theory of the German War Book that war is directed, not only against armies, but against the enemy's "moral and intellectual

resources," justifies the wholesale murder, arson, and pillage carried on in Belgium no less and no more than the sinking of a hospital ship or the torpedoing of a trading vessel in her course at sea. Both kinds of act are terrifying to civilians. Both may be held to promote, in the self-justifying scheme of German warfare, the gaining of the "object" of the war.

The only approach to a German apology is that these deeds are an answer to the equally inhuman British policy of starving Germany into surrender by a maritime siege of her coasts and the interception of her food-supplies. Now here the ground has been heavily encumbered by Germany's own act. We cannot, of course, admit that any slowly evolved course of war-policy on an enemy's part can be held to palliate a concrete act of infamy such as the sinking of a hospital ship. There can be no "starvation" of Germany as the result of our interception of her maritime food-supplies. As far as essential food is concerned, Germany is a self-supporting country. She can keep herself alive for the period of a long war, if not comfortably alive, provided she dispenses with luxuries. But how, since the German Government have commandeered the food of the nation and control its distribution, can we any longer distinguish between what goes to the civilians and what is reserved for the military? So long as we adhere, even in part, to the half-cancelled Declaration of London, we are bound to aim at preserving that distinction. We have made food conditional contraband, and conditional contraband is only liable to capture when it is "shown to be destined for the use of the armed forces or of a Government department of the enemy State." That was Lord Salisbury's famous doctrine, and Sir Edward Grey practically endorsed it when he promised not to detain foodstuffs unless the "presumption" was that they were meant for the "armed forces of the enemy or the enemy Government."

The interpretation of this rule was none too easy. Even when the private and the public stores of German food remained separate, it would be hard to say whether food consigned through Rotterdam to the Rhineland, from which the German armies draw their supplies, was or was not destined for military use. But how is it possible for our captains to discriminate when the "enemy State" brushes aside the private German dealer and consumer? We would welcome a practical answer to this question, for we realize that the war has been and will be horribly cruel in view of the wide needs of civilized life, the vastness of modern populations, and their dependence on sea-traffic. We can well imagine from Germany's theory and practice of war what her action as a predominant sea-Power would have been. But we believe that our war-method differs essentially from hers. In our eyes the contention is one of armies against armies, and, on this plan, we have conducted our air-raids in contrast with the indiscriminate savagery of the German attacks. In hers it is one of armies against the armed and the unarmed, the protected and the defenceless; so that under it the fear of the mother for her child, or of the nurse for the wounded man, become useful auxiliaries

of its inevitable shock and horror. And it is prudent to remember that if this distinction is a proper armory for our own conscience, it is also a plea to address to the neutral, and especially to the American, world.

HOW WE CAN HELP RUSSIA.

For something like ten years there has been intermittent discussion of the spirit in which we should conduct our relations with Russia. When first the ancient feud gave place to a kind of formal friendship, the question naturally arose in the minds of democrats who found their Government associated with the Government of Russia while they were themselves bound by close ties of sympathy with that Government's victims. The old suspicions and jealousies had produced obvious evils, but were we now threatened with evils of another and a more insidious kind, a friendship that would make us accomplices in repression, and indirectly the enemies of Russian freedom? With the development of the quarrels between the Government and the Duma these misgivings and anxieties became acute. To many minds it looked as if we were buying peace and security for our Empire in the East at a price no free nation should give, and to others who regarded this as a disordered or distracted reading of the facts, the position was at least equivocal and disturbing. We made some demonstrations of value and significance to the cause of freedom; notably the great utterance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman at the time of the dissolution of the Duma, generally regarded as an inspiration of tactful sympathy. Events, however, have seemed to be overpowering, whatever liberal aims and intentions lived in our conception of the *entente*, as the reaction gained the upper hand in Russia. Few people could probably now be found who would regard our handling of the *entente* during those ten years as a successful example of our traditional Liberal policy, and, in the case of Persia, there would be general agreement that our true traditions and policy had suffered defeat.

The war has created a new situation, and a great deal turns on the way in which the opportunities of that situation are turned to account, and the spirit in which we grasp the problem. We are the allies of Russia in a war that arose over the rights of a small nation in Eastern Europe, and very soon involved the rights of a small nation in Western Europe. Let us keep this in mind, and use all our influence to make this liberating spirit the temper of the alliance. How is this to be done? Some writers and travellers, like Mr. Stephen Graham, are indignant to find so many English people cold and incredulous about their ally, and they argue that there is a school of English Liberals that refuses to understand Russia, disregards its immense and bewildering difficulties, and seeks to impose the ideas and institutions of our own country on a country of widely different history and circumstances. There is unquestionably an element of truth in this criticism, and it is our duty to learn wherever and whatever we can of the character and the institutions of the Russian people, and the nature of the problems that confront it. Professor Vinogradoff, a scholar of European reputation, but also

a Russian Liberal who has made personal sacrifices for his faith, provides an admirable survey in a little book just published ("The Russian Problem," Constable), in which he reminds us of certain aspects of Russian history; the causes, physical and economic, that have made her develop along different lines and at a different pace from Western Europe; the outbursts of reforming energy of which she has proved herself capable, as in "the glorious generation" of the 'sixties; and the constant perils to which reform is always exposed in a nation where political experience is so scarce. At the end of the war with Japan came Russia's '48. Professor Vinogradoff sees a striking analogy between the speeches of the first Duma and the speeches of the Frankfort Parliament. And that brilliant dawn ended as the dawn of '48 ended for many an ardent set of dreamers in Europe. After eight years of reaction comes another sudden and violent shock. The rally of different parties to the common cause brings a new opening for a reform policy, and the character of the war makes men think of progress and liberation with a new hope and faith both for Russia and for Russia's subject peoples. They remind themselves that it was a Russian Tsar who a century ago wanted to crown his share in the overthrow of Napoleon by reuniting Poland.

Professor Vinogradoff sketches the kind of moderate reforms that are essential if Russia is not to relapse into reaction and despair, the most important being "the substitution of the rule of law and freedom for the reign of arbitrary discretion." Can we help in an opportunity which, as Professor Vinogradoff warns his countrymen, will not recur? Surely we can. It is an open secret that at critical moments in recent history the Russian Government has been influenced by the counsels of her autocratic neighbors. For in this respect the Governments of nations that are not self-governing are specially amenable to influences and advice, and the Eastern Emperors have often behaved as rulers whose special experience, not to speak of armed help, might be of use to each other in the management of their domestic problems. The war has broken the web of Court policy that Russian Liberals and reformers, from the days of Herzen onwards, have regarded as the chief obstacle to the freedom of their country. The Prussian inspiration ceases. The Tsar, hesitating between this course and that, seeing danger everywhere in a situation that seems less simple to a Russian ruler than it seems to Western onlookers, will no longer have this constant whisper in his ear, warning him that kings that yield once lose their footing for ever, and that in a world full of chance and danger, Emperors must stand together against their peoples. The influence of Britain must be of a different kind. Fifty years ago the three Eastern despots met at Warsaw—a fitting meeting-ground—and all Europe wondered what was to be the fate of Italy, who had half freed herself, with scarcely one constant friend in Europe. At that moment Lord John Russell launched his famous despatch, defending the King of Sardinia from the censures of Continental Governments. "Her Majesty's Government," he concluded, "will turn their eyes rather

to the gratifying prospect of a people building up the edifice of their liberties and consolidating the work of their independence."

So long as that is the British spirit, the people of Russia and the peoples of Europe can have no fears of the consequences of British influence with the Russian Government. It is the influence of the friend of the Russian people, believing in the saving and healing virtues of liberty and just law, considering Russia, not in the light of a dangerous neighbor whose experiments towards freedom may disturb our institutions, but as a great Power whose success in developing her institutions and in resisting the temptation to oppress her subject peoples is of vital moment to the hopes of humanity and the peace of Europe. A century ago—to our shame be it remembered—Castlereagh resisted Alexander's project for reuniting Poland. We had talked then of freedom, a liberating war, a lasting peace. To-day we must give our words a less hollow significance. The British Government is the servant of the British people, and not the servant of diplomatists, in whose world of intrigue and finesse popular enthusiasms count for little. The enduring successes of British diplomacy belong to the moments when her Government watched popular movements with sympathy and faith, not with the derision or indifference of an aristocratic isolation. It is those traditions that we have to revive.

THE TEST OF ECONOMIC STRENGTH.

As the war drags on and the difficulties of determinant action in the field are more fully realized, the public mind is more disposed to canvass the chances of financial and economic pressure upon the combatants. To this work Sir Edward Holden has rendered valuable aid in the able survey given last week to the shareholders of the London City and Midland Bank. In an interesting sketch of the measures of "financial mobilization" undertaken by the German Government, he shows with how much care and foresight the business side of the war had been prepared. By her careful policy in accumulating and absorbing gold in the Reichsbank, she has been able to present to herself and to the world a powerful superficial appearance of financial strength. The superstitious reverence for gold has, no doubt, assisted largely to prevent the exchange value of the masses of printed money which she has been giving forth through her machinery of war banks and mortgage banks from suffering a heavier depreciation than has actually occurred. But, though this large stock of gold, enhanced during the war by employing every possible method of depleting private holders, makes a brave show, the ever-increasing mountain of irredeemable paper-notes it is called upon to carry must cause qualms of terror among the State financiers who realize its meaning. For it is evident that the financial like the military arrangements of Germany were all laid out for a brief, swift campaign. Even Sir Edward Holden, who takes a most conservative view in assigning a cost of two millions a day for Germany, and who over-appreciates the ingenuity of her war finance, evidently thinks that after a twelvemonth the financial

fabric will begin to crumble, while her contact with the far greater financial feebleness of Austria may bring an earlier collapse.

Like most bankers, Sir Edward Holden assigns an excessive importance to the gold factor. As a support of the internal credit system of a country like Germany, filled with the spirit of loyalty and confidence in its Government, gold is for the time being almost a negligible factor. The fact that Reichsbank notes are no longer redeemable in gold, and that they are being issued in ever-increasing quantities on the basis of deposits of war-bank notes, which notes, in their turn, are based upon rough assessments of the value of all sorts of pawnable property, has not as yet had any very damaging effect upon their action as currency. The fundamental fact of the internal finance of Germany is that all sorts of valuable property are converted into instruments of currency by a great governmental pawn-system. In this way ample "money" has been manufactured by means of which the war-loans of the Government are taken up. Since it appears that the war-loan certificates themselves are accepted as bank security for further advances to customers, it looks as if an almost indefinite expansion of currency and purchasing power upon this basis were available.

But these financial devices, sound or unsound, cannot in the long run avail to secure for the use of the German Government and people a larger amount of consumable wealth, in the forms they need, than they are producing at home, or can bring in from abroad. The final test of finance is in terms of real goods. The main purpose of the "financial mobilization" has been to enable the Government more easily to gain possession of the supplies they need for the maintenance of their armed forces out of the current resources of the country. By pawning their estates, securities, and stock-in-trade, loyal Germans have enabled their Government to take out of the national stock of consumable goods all they have wanted in the shape of food and clothing, horses, arms, ammunition, and other stores for the army, reducing the supplies and raising the prices of the necessities of life for the civil population. In view of the actual scarcity of food and other goods, it is clear, however, that no clever finance can avert the awkward, ultimately the intolerable, effects of the process. For, after all, the up-keep both of the war and of the civil population depends in the last resort, not upon the quantity of printed paper notes each person may possess, but upon the quantity of actual useful goods procurable.

This finance can add nothing to that total. It cannot prevent the total from declining, as more and more of the effective labor of the nation is taken out of productive work, to be put into destructive. But the final test of the efficiency of such finance is provided in the question: "How far will it help Germany to get in supplies from outside?" There are three ways in which such goods can be paid for; by realizing foreign securities in foreign markets, by exporting German goods, and by sending abroad gold. Sir Edward Holden somewhat peremptorily brushes aside the first of these methods as under the circumstances improbable. But, as the war

proceeds, is there anything to prevent Germany selling some of her foreign securities in America? Under war circumstances the production and the transmission of German goods in export trade must remain enormously contracted, even as regards neighboring neutral countries. In the last resort she can part—to some extent she is parting—with gold to pay for foreign goods, and to maintain her rates of exchange. But to go far in this process would destroy the entire fabric of external confidence, and would react disastrously upon internal finance. It is the knowledge of this approaching pressure that has already driven the German Government to the policy of commandeering, for economical distribution, the whole food supply. The discussion kept up in the German press indicates how profoundly the people is impressed by this confession of shortage in the essentials of life, and by the detailed nature of the measures of economy imposed on every household.

In dealing with our own financial and economic situation, Sir Edward Holden rightly dwelt upon the fact that the war came upon us unprepared, and that in consequence of London being the financial centre, not for England only, but for the world, the difficulties of the immediate situation were far graver than in Germany. But the threatened *débâcle* was averted, largely by the swift, bold steps taken by our Treasury, and, both as regards currency and foreign exchange, the situation has been steadily improving. Sir Edward Holden dwelt at some length and with congratulations upon the amicable co-operation established between the Governments and banking systems of this country and the United States for dealing with future possible difficulties of international finance. Indeed, the maintenance of sound relations with America is even more important than he realized. For when we look behind the machinery of finance to the economic realities which, as the war advances, become more and more determining factors, we see that Germany possesses one economic advantage, we another. Germany, as regards the material necessities of life, can be almost self-sufficient for an indefinite time, provided she does not let down too much her internal industries by depleting them of labor. But she must have growing difficulty in importing and paying for the war requisites which she cannot produce at home. This country, on the other hand, is completely dependent upon foreign sources for most of her necessary foods and raw materials. But she has enjoyed the advantage of being able to bring in from outside the supplies she wants and to pay for them to an indefinite extent.

The recent shortage in our importation of foods, serious as it is for the present needs of our working classes, must not unduly alarm us. The deficiency of transport to which it is primarily due has reached its maximum, and it is likely that the next few months will bring a sensible relief, by liberating some of the ships temporarily removed for Government work, by the increased supply of new vessels from our shipyards, and by the improved administration of our dock and river services. The new menace of German submarine warfare may, indeed, cause trouble. But the notion that such wild outrages can seriously interrupt the commercial relations between this country and the outside world is

untenable. At the most, it can serve only to put up insurance rates, or, in the last resort, to cause some delay, by the necessity of a resort to armed convoys. But, though the food situation for this country is not extremely alarming, it is certainly grave enough to demand the closest consideration of Parliament and the Government. We need not endeavor to forecast the results of the deliberations of the Committee which is investigating the whole subject. But on the various projects for controlling freights and fixing food prices which are afloat, we have one remark to make. The fixing of rates or prices will not bring more food into the country; it might very likely bring less.

If, therefore, the Government or the shipping community cannot get over the existing impediments to transport, so as to increase the aggregate available supply, the only method by which the poorer classes can be put in possession of a larger quantity of food would be for the Government to purchase a sufficient proportion of the whole available supply and distribute it at fixed prices in restricted quantities to meet the needs of various families, as the Germans are doing. It is, we think, extremely unlikely that we shall be driven to such a pass. But if we are, we shall not hesitate to support this expedient.

AFTER SIX MONTHS.

HALF-A-YEAR has passed since that week in August which plunged us, more startled than angry, into the greatest war of modern history. We seem as yet to be nowhere in sight of a decision, and even Austria, the combatant the least capable of continuing the war by her own unaided resources, is massing fresh armies and preparing for new campaigns. By none of the tests which one commonly applies to measure the progress of a war has victory declared itself in any field. Save in Belgium, not one of the invading armies is in occupation of cities or territories vital to the life of the country attacked. Since the threat to Paris was hurled back in the great victory of the Marne, we have even ceased to think that the heart of France might be assailed, and neither side has managed to reach such secondary objectives as Calais or Warsaw, Danzig or Cracow. Only twice in this half-year have armies been destroyed in the literal sense of the word by a single decisive battle or a rapid succession of battles. The ruin of Samsonoff's army at Osterrode was the first of these cases, and it was more than balanced by the destruction of the Austrian army in Serbia. It matters little to Russia that two-thirds of the non-Russian province of Poland are in German occupation, and Austria is not more vitally wounded by the Russian conquest of the Slav region beyond the Carpathians.

Two factors only are as yet at work which may in the long run prove decisive—the attrition of armies in bloody but indecisive battles, and the exhaustion of material resources. Neither of these processes has as yet gone far enough vitally to influence the result. It is quite likely that Germany has lost over two million men in killed, wounded, and prisoners, but it is also probable that in spite of this loss she has more men under arms to-day than she had when her mobilization was completed.

The financial strain and the ruin to trade have still to be measured, but all the combatants may be capable of ignoring it to the bitter end. In such a struggle nations will fight so long as they have ammunition to fire and food to eat. Actual starvation is the only form of economic pressure which might bring this war to an end. It is probable enough that Germany and Austria may pass through a phase of want as summer approaches, but it is certain that German method, foresight, and discipline will do everything humanly possible to economize stores. To us and our French friends the seas are opened; we cannot be starved out. The Russians, with their barns full of the harvests which they usually export, are better furnished with food than they are in years of peace. The factor of attrition so far works for us that we have no doubt that the Germans in their ceaseless offensive, their unrelenting massed attacks, have lost relatively much more heavily than the Allies. But if we aim at a decisive victory, we must in our turn attack, and then, by all the precedents, we must prepare for losses which will exceed those of the German defence.

To say that the result is so far undecided, may seem on first thoughts a discouraging admission. It is, on the contrary, a matter for congratulation. The Germans were, beyond all comparison, the better prepared combatants. Only two martial organizations were really prepared for war when this struggle began—their Army and our Navy. We have had to create an army out of a small nucleus, and of the Russians and the French it is not too much to say that it would have taken them at least another two years of organization in time of peace to bring their armies anywhere near the German standard of readiness and the German measure of numerical strength. The Allies have scored a surprising achievement merely in contriving to stave off a decisive result while they rapidly improvised their preparations for victory. The men, the arms, the equipment, everything necessary for a serious offensive, have had to be prepared while the exhausting battle went on upon their own soil against an enemy who had accumulated in advance all that his colossal enterprise required. Much more has been gained than time during this indispensable period of preparation and defence. Each of our Allies entered the field with painful memories to depress them. The French have been measuring themselves all the while against the victors of 1870. The result has been the growth in them of a new sense of reasoned confidence. The Marne wiped out a whole chapter of remembered defeats.

We are all of us more sober in our anticipations of the advance than we were when the first victory at the Marne was hailed as the turn of the tide. We know that a line of prepared entrenchments is not to be carried, even by greatly superior numbers, without a sacrifice of life which will test the steadiness, not only of the armies in the field, but of the nations behind the armies. We know also that behind this line of the Yser and the Aisne there are other lines which may be held with equal determination. Each line will be a little shorter, and therefore a little stronger than the last, a little nearer to the enemy's bases and a little further from our own. We know what efforts and sacrifices the

Germans have made, and made in vain, to carry our lines, and we must prepare for the discovery that the superior strength of the defensive which now tells in our favor will tell against us when we, in our turn, attempt to advance. Nor must we forget, when we aspire to a decisive victory in the West, that the mere achievement of holding this vast position in comparative passivity, retains nearly the whole of the German first line corps, and nearly three-fourths of Germany's entire armed forces. His Eastern armies are still composed mainly of his second line. If it is the Russians who eventually achieve the theatrical and rapid advance by crossing the Carpathians, pouring down into Hungary, and putting one of the two Allies out of action, that achievement will be rendered possible only by the French and British success in keeping the main forces of the enemy busy in the West. It is quite possible that the decision will be reached, not by the march on Berlin, nor even by the invasion of Silesia, but by a threat to Budapest, which will isolate Germany, and end, it may be, the hesitations of the Eastern neutrals.

Compared with the issue in Europe, the campaigns in Turkey, in South Africa, and in the German Colonies are secondary and even insignificant. What is of vital importance, even when we set it beside the tremendous happenings on land, is the work of the Navy. Not only has it defended our shores and those of France; it has preserved the entire possessions of both Powers overseas from so much as the possibility of a threat. It has maintained for them both their food supplies, from horses to boots, and the Allies have been able to bring from the New World the first necessities of warfare. All this the Navy has been able to deny to Germany, and the pressure from the sea which has affected her stores of rubber and oil and copper, may presently touch her supplies of food. In the hope of creating some approach to an equality in battle strength by a slow process of attrition, the Germans have entirely failed, and our Fleet is stronger to-day than on the outbreak of the war. The submarine and the mine have favored Germany by creating new defensive strategy at sea. But the effect as yet is more moral than material. A revolution in sea-warfare is inevitable, but it has begun too late to affect the issue in this war. Our Navy has done what we aimed at doing; it has assured to the Allies the command of the seas. The duration of the war is beyond any gift of prophecy. The extent of the victory is still in doubt. But the war has lasted long enough to remove any risk that Germany might win by it a military domination over Europe. That issue is settled.

A London Diary.

THERE is a general expectation that Sir Edward Grey will shortly add to our stock of knowledge on the course of Anglo-German diplomacy from 1906 to 1914. This period includes the Anglo-French "conversations" of 1906 and 1911, the Belgian "conversations" with our staff officers, of which the Germans have made very full use, and finally the Marschall von Bieberstein

mission. This last incident is doubtless the crucial point of the story. Von Bieberstein was a great personality, and he came to play a great rôle, dying before he had completed it. The German Chancellor has more than once described it as revealing Germany's passion for peace and anxiety to strike a really profitable bargain with England. I don't believe we have anything equivocal to hide; on the contrary, the story, from our point of view, should gain much from the telling. But one is glad to think that the reticence, of which Germany has taken a pretty full advantage, is to be qualified.

MR. MASTERMAN's retirement from the Cabinet is one of the accidents of politics which will recur just as long as we retain the rule that Ministers who take office under the Crown must allow the enemy to have a second shot at them. Gladstone and Harcourt both suffered under it: it is probably salutary. But so long as he stays away Mr. Masterman will be badly missed from the Cabinet. None of the younger men in the front rank of Liberalism strike one as possessing his remarkable quickness of mind and power of realizing detail. In his case these qualities go beyond the lawyer's habit of mastering facts, for they are joined to the much more unusual gift of imagination. Unusual is indeed the type of his intellect; and if the work of modern government obscures some kinds of originality it fosters others, which, in the circumstances of the early working of the Insurance Act, proved to be indispensable to the Government in general and the Chancellor of the Exchequer in particular. Mr. Masterman was the victim of that particular passage in the Government's fortunes. But he was also its man in the breach.

His successor at the Duchy of Lancaster is also able; but of an entirely different kind. Mr. Montagu is said to have been the best recent Secretary to the Treasury; perhaps he was also the best Under-Secretary for India. In the latter office he was not quickly receptive or sympathetic, but he developed grasp and power not only to express policies, but to shape them. He will defend the Insurance Act solidly, if a little stiffly, and his knowledge and industry put him above the average equipment of the average clever man. The new Whips are also well selected—especially in the case of Mr. Rea. The difficulty has been to replace the industry and zeal which Mr. Acland showed at the Foreign Office. The study of foreign policy is a long-neglected art in the House of Commons, and, on the Liberal side, the only bid for the succession to the unequalled equipment of Sir Charles Dilke and Lord Fitzmaurice has been made by Mr. Noel Buxton. So far as special knowledge, acquired by travel and independent reflection, is concerned, he stood quite alone. He has been passed over in favor of the clever and agreeable Mr. Primrose, who (being the son of his father) has aptitude enough, but no training. Mr. Cecil Harmsworth has also real personal qualification for office. But the simultaneous advance of a Primrose and a Harmsworth to office in a Liberal Government gives one to think.

FROM the colloquy between Lord Lansdowne and Lord Crewe as to the persons comprised in the phrase

"Opposition leaders," it would seem that Mr. Balfour stands outside this category. The interest of the disclosure lies in the fact that it is not the leaders who have excluded Mr. Balfour, but Mr. Balfour who has excluded the leaders—i.e., from his confidence as a member of the Committee of Imperial Defence. For it is now clear from the explanations of Mr. Bonar Law, Lord Lansdowne, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, that the information to which Mr. Balfour has access, by reason of his membership of that body, is not necessarily communicated to his political friends—he is not a link between the Government and the Opposition, as had been supposed, but simply an individual member of the Committee, like Lord Esher. While no one will quarrel with the use thus made of the stored-up experience and resources of one of the most fertile intellects of our time, the position nevertheless must strike most people as singular and enviable, even more so than that of Peel after he had ceased, in Greville's phrase, to be *capax imperii*, or to have any party ties, and yet continued to exert his influence in Parliament and the country.

HERE are some facts as to the naval battle. Fire from the "Lion" was opened at 22,000 yards. The first two shots missed, the third was a hit. Before she had been in action an hour three of the German ships were on fire, while all their nine vessels directed their guns almost entirely on the "Lion." Admiral Beatty directed the operations from the bridge, and absolutely refused to take cover. "He is wonderful," writes one of his officers, "the idol of every man in the squadron."

I HOPE those who value power in the artist—power of symbol, criticism, and execution—will not fail to visit Mr. Dyson's "war satires," as he describes them, at the Leicester Galleries. No one, I think, has given such vivid point to the case against military Germany—its arrogant cruelty, and the kind of sour, wizened, self-complacent philosophy that supports it. Mr. Dyson embodies this feeling of his about German militarism in two main types, the bloodless scarecrow of a professor linking arms with the ape (Kultur and Barbarism combined) or snatching Voltaire's works from a doll of a German girl, and the fat, complacent general sprawling over Europe. Mr. Dyson's drawing is very strong, full of significance, and here and there (as in the ghastly figure of Cholera) sharp and brilliant as etching. The best symbolic picture is of a helmeted Circe as the Spirit of Militarism, pouring out the wine of her wrath on the swine and half-swine who huddle at her feet. Observe the hard lines of the cruel face and stiff anatomy of the body.

I saw something of Miss Braddon in her later days at her pleasant home at Richmond, where she enjoyed many years of happiness. She a little resembled "Mark Twain" in her invariable good sense, breadth of mind, and real amiability, though the personality was less salient. She was not a great novelist, and her school deteriorated fast since she founded it. But how superior was her work—in style, management, and self-control—to the novel of melodrama of the Caine-Corelli type.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

THE INDUSTRY OF ARMS.

SPEAKING in the House of Lords, on the 8th of last month, Lord Haldane is reported to have observed: "We have been behindhand in the application of science to industry. The position to-day, however, whether it be in explosives, shells, or rifles, is a very much better position than it was a little time ago." No doubt Lord Haldane implied that we had been behindhand especially in comparison with Germans, whose achievements in the application of science to industry have unquestionably been very remarkable. But if he also suggested that we had fallen behind the general advance of humanity in the scientific construction of death-dealing weapons, it is consolatory to learn that we are so rapidly overtaking the rest. For it has always been the characteristic of humanity to direct science to the production of arms as its first-fruits.

Let us remember how astonishing mankind's progress in this respect has been, and how securely his increasing knowledge of natural science has led him on. In illustration, we may recall a few scenes from the history of those flattish lands which prehistoric rivers, followed by the Rhine and Meuse, have deposited by the washings of Alps and lesser mountains. Only "a little time ago," as creation counts time, opposing crowds of naked and shaggy men might there have been beheld tearing each other with teeth and nails, cracking bones with boughs of trees, driving sharpened stakes into each other's hearts, hurling balls of flint into each other's faces, and cleaving skulls with carefully wrought lumps of stone, fastened by sinews in the cleft of sticks. But at a few yards' distance behind the general mash of slaughter stood a more cautious warrior who, defying the taunts that attend a pioneer, employed a new invention. He had discovered that a straight branch, pulled into a curve by a length of gut and suddenly released, would throw a piece of stick tipped with stone so far and so fast that assailants fell dead before they could get in a blow. That was all, but by the application of science to the industry of arms he was transforming the battlefields of humanity.

The scene remains the same, but time has glided on, and we see before us a medieval battle in style. Man has discovered iron long ago, and applied it to the manufacture of swords and spears and battle-axes. Here stand the lines of English foot, bending their longbows till the points almost meet, driving the feathered shafts 250 yards through the air, terribly sounding. There stands another rank, winding up their steel crossbows or arquebuses with little windlasses and wheel-cranks, and laying in its groove the one-foot bolt, weighing 2½ oz., that can be sped 380 yards at half a right angle's elevation, or 70 yards point-blank. Outside the walls of the beleaguered town, others with windlasses are straining back the tall arms of catapults against the pull of twisted skeins of silk or sinew. The first catapult throws a 100 lb. lump of rock over 300 yards clear. But that is a small charge, for the next is loaded with the body of a man, trussed up into a convenient pellet; and the next beyond is flinging the putrefying carcase of a horse, in the hope that, if it surmounts the city wall, it will flop among the houses, and breed pestilence there. To the fourth a lighter task has been assigned. It is loaded with the head of the envoy who had been charged with negotiations for peace. To his skull the rejected terms are adroitly attached, and no further answer is required, as it flies back into the town.

In another part of the field, mounted knights in

square masses move slowly. So heavily are they and their horses covered with overlapping plates of steel that the wonder is they move at all; and if a knight is unhorsed, he lies helpless as a turned turtle or cast sheep. Upon the shelly carapace of such armor the blows of sword, spear, mace, and even the terrible arrow rattle in vain. But, hidden in bushes at a safe distance, two men are laboring at a long tube made of narrow boards clamped together by iron rings. With long spoons, such as you need when you sup with the Devil, they scoop a powdery mixture from a barrel placed behind, and push it down the tube's mouth. On the top of the mixture they press a lump of stone or iron. To a small hole at the back of the tube they apply a flaming torch. With a hideous crash and spurt of fire, the heavy lump is vomited forth. Traversing space with unexampled speed, it strikes the breastplate of a goodly knight 200 yards away, bursts the steel asunder, and at the hands of unseen varlets, he falls, beyond the assistance of a squire's upraising. More ominous still: not far in front of that large tube stands another varlet, holding a much shorter and narrower tube of brass, and making preparations which take a long time—almost an hour, it is said—to complete. At last he is ready. He raises the tube at the end of a short stock, which he rests against his shoulder, and, pointing it upwards to prevent the ball inside from rolling out and to give it longer range, he also applies a torch to a hole at the end of the tube, and, with a bang and burst of flame, the ball speeds through 150 yards of air, and crashes into the helmet of another goodly knight. By the application of science to industry, these men also are transforming the battle-fields of humanity.

Time glides on, very slowly abolishing armor, and bringing with its years the matchlock, the wheel-lock, and the flintlock as substitutes for the flaming torch, and the culverin, the demi-culverin, the saker, minion, and drake, in place of that long wooden tube with iron clamps. Time and the application of science superseded them all—all but the flintlock; and upon the same scene, only one century ago, we see two armies of some 70,000 men apiece drawn up in battle array to decide the destinies of Europe. Their lines are nearly three miles long, and nearly a mile apart. Looking over the shelter of gently rising ground, the British (hardly more in number than one modern "division") could plainly see the enemy's massed battalions, massed cavalry, and massed guns. In the centre, plainly visible upon his white charger, stood the greatest soldier of all ages. With case-shot, at any range between 300 and 500 yards, massed batteries of guns can strive to rend a breach in the opposing line. With round shot, their effect is terrible up to 1,200 yards. On hard earth the ball will go bounding along for 800 yards further, and each well-served gun can fire a few rounds every minute. Nearly all the infantry are armed with the flintlock ("Brown Bess," the English affectionately call it), which can be counted upon to hit fairly often up to 200 yards, and is dangerous to at least three times that range. At the end of the barrel a long spear-head can be fixed, without hindering the passage of the ball. Formed in square, a battalion is thus transfigured from a line in two ranks into a bristling fortress of spiky steel and flames, against which the finest cavalry surge in vain. But here and there are special regiments, whose flintlocks have narrow, twisting grooves inside the barrel. The trouble is to force the soft bullet down with heavy ramrod, but when once it is down, it will not wobble, and, driven by the exploding gas, will go spinning down the grooves, spinning through the air, deadly straight and deadly hard for 200 yards at

least. Soldiers armed with this kind of flintlock are called Rifles, or, in other languages, Hunters; for it was perhaps the hunters in America who first applied this old discovery of science to the industry of battle.

Time glides again. The Scottish Ministry presents the world with a percussion cap in place of flints. Prussia adopts the opening breach for her Needle-gun, that could thus be loaded lying down, and wanted no ramrod any more. The Chasse-pot, Snider, and Martini pass in turn. America uses the "Repeater." Europe adopts varieties of the "Magazine." Science invents smokeless powder. The application of science produces the small-bore rifle, the high explosive, the quick-firing gun, and the machine gun that pumps bullets upon men as a fire-hose pumps water. Again the scene is laid in the same region, but the battle-front instead of extending for nearly three miles, extends for nearly three hundred. The decision of Europe's destiny along that front, instead of being completed within eight hours, has now hung in the balance there for more than four months. Owing to the numbers of the hosts on both sides, and to the terrors of applied science, the armies, instead of moving visibly over the plains, remain hidden and almost stationary in subterranean labyrinths and caves. Thousands of miles of interlaced barbed wire prevent the movement of cavalry, and, caught in its entanglement, the dead hang like scarecrows. Reconnaissance and range-finding are carried out by aeroplanes, dropping bombs and iron arrows. Motors and railways bring up supplies and reinforcements, where horses or marching feet brought them before. Hidden behind woods or other concealment, guns of various sizes are throwing shells day and night without stopping. The commonest sizes can throw 13 or 18 lbs. for 6,000 yards, about ten times a minute, or rather more, bursting in air or on contact, as desired. The largest is believed to throw 2,000 lbs. for 12,000 yards. A German gun of only about 10½ inches in bore is known to throw 760 lbs. for 10,900 yards; and if for a moment we consider the sea, Sir Percy Scott tells us that a 12-in. naval gun, firing a shell of between 900 and 1,000 lbs. at an extreme range of 15 miles, must throw it to a height nearly 7,000 ft. above the summit of Mont Blanc, travelling at the rate of about half-a-mile a second.

Time would fail to tell of the star-shell, which mounts like a "Roman candle," casting a liquid searchlight on all around, or of the "Flying Mine," flung silently by compressed air into neighboring trenches; or of the hand-grenade, fixed at the end of a 2-ft. stick and thrown as from a sling. Sunk in muddy ditches, men stand with rifles pointed through holes in a low parapet, and ready to speed the sharp-nosed little bullet with deadly accuracy up to 1,400 yards, and with possible aim up to twice that distance. Every two seconds the rifle can be fired, and fifteen times a minute with some sort of aim. Attached to the rifle, the decisive bayonet, shaped like a two-edged stabbing knife, remains, ready to end the matter when guns and rifles have done their utmost.

What will be the next forward step in this application of science to slaughter? Perhaps we see it coming in that silent gun; perhaps in an "automatic" rifle which, like the Browning pistol, fires all its cartridges in quick succession without fresh aiming for each shot. In any case, we are justified in our statement that up to now the application of science to instruments of death has been a marked characteristic of humanity.

THE BALKAN NOMADS.

WHEN we read of the Vlachs of the Balkans, our memory goes back to a Highland village in Southern Macedonia.

We had reached it, for the first time, in mid-winter, by the usual Turkish road which, by turns, accommodated the cataract and the traveller. It had once had bridges, and one of them was still unbroken; but, as the lieutenant who commanded our escort remarked, "The first rule of the Turkish cavalry is never to cross a bridge if the stream is fordable." The Slav villages on our path were heaps of ruins, which still smelt of insurrection and fire. The Vlach townlet in which we passed the night looms out of these memories of devastation, a haven of security and wealth. It was perched on the summit of a pass, and its big stone houses stood up with the solidity of castles amid the white circling mists. This nomad race of shepherds and carriers has always built its nests among the rocks, and from them it has watched the floods of conquest and migration in the plains below. So they sheltered in the dark ages, when humanity was in flux, from the Avars and the Huns, and so they shelter to-day from Bulgars and Turks and Greeks. They have kept themselves aloof and individual through the centuries of vicissitude. The good man of the house will converse with you in fluent Greek as you sit down to his ungrudging hospitality, but listen as the children play upon the rugs before the blazing fire of logs. They are eating their evening meal of "pane" and "lapte"; they summon the dog as "kane," and they help their mother to spin "lana." Whatever else this nomad race has lost to conquerors and brigands, it has kept its Latin tongue. Timid and inconspicuous in the vexed history of this peninsula, content to merge itself in the politics of the majorities among whom it lives, it has valued its own shy identity, and preserved the splendors of the Roman tongue by clipping them to fit the homely needs of the children who prattle round the loom and the women who gossip at the well. It is opportunist in its politics, and one must needs inquire of each Vlach innkeeper or merchant whether the interest of the moment had made him an exponent of the Greek idea, an ally of the nearest Bulgarian band, or an agent of the Roumanian propaganda. When we were in these villages the Bulgarian cause still enjoyed a precarious ascendancy. "Roumania," our host put it, "is so far away, and the Greek army is worth nothing." The Bulgarian guerillas, on the other hand, were masters of the hills. The village had more than the normal prudence of wealth, though it looked back with fond regret to the great days before the coming of the railway, when its carriers traded in skins with Leipzig fair, and every family with pretensions to gentility boasted a piano and a German governess.

It is, we suppose, their relative insignificance on the political chess-board of the Balkans that has caused the Vlachs to be so little studied. They offer at once perhaps the most recondite study in ethnology that can be found in Europe, and the oddest example of an unfamiliar social structure. It is simple to say that they are nomads, and satisfying to conclude that they derive their origin from Roman colonies, but how did Roman colonists come to be nomads? Their nomadic habit is a natural, though unusual, case of adaptation to climatic and economic necessities. The Vlachs are either carriers or shepherds, and they must follow their flocks at the coming of winter from the high mountains of Pindus to the plains of Thessaly. That is in many countries the condition of the shepherd's life. The Vlachs are peculiar in this, that instead of sending out their young men to watch the sheep, with tents or huts to shelter them, the whole community migrates from its scattered winter quarters to the summer village on the heights, and it is this mountain village which it reckons as its home. This singular practice may at one time have been the universal

habit of the Vlachs. The majority have to-day settled down in permanent quarters, but a large minority still adheres to the old tradition. It has colored all their habits. It has made them a gay and sociable race. The annual migration to summer quarters is a sort of communal picnic. Neighbors scattered through the long winter over all the plains of Macedonia and Greece come together again to renew their intimacies and knit up their family ties. The village abandons itself to a round of social visits and dances, to fairs and games. It holds continual feasts with the good red wine that it has brought from the lower hills, and its songs tell of its delight in the spring pageantry of the mountains and the woods. The Vlachs differ from the other races of the Balkans in allowing something approaching equality to their women. The female birth-rate is slightly lower than the male, and whether because demand exceeds supply, or for some more romantic reason, the dowry is unknown, and marriage is rather a free choice than an act of barter. The social life of the Vlachs differs again from that of their neighbors by finding place for a number of curious simple-minded outdoor sports, which amuse their active leisure in the hours which Greeks or Turks would spend over politics or cards in the café. It may well be the habit of migration which explains this genial sociability. Communal life is the more valued because it is confined to a few months of the year.

At last an adequate book has been written on this singular race, and we owe it to two English scholars. Messrs. Wace and Thompson studied the Vlachs by settling down for a summer in the mountain village of Samarina. They have described it all with a minute and affectionate detail, until we feel that we know every stone in its market-place, every step in its dances, every process in its cheese-making, and the smell of its rude feasts haunts our nostrils. They have collected its songs and its fairy tales, and furnished a grammar and vocabulary of its worn-down Latin speech. They have tramped, moreover, along the spine of the Pindus, and told, village by village, the history of its Vlach settlements, until we know their rough and eventful annals; how this place was ruined by Ali Pasha, how the other sent its *armatoles* to the Greek Wars of Independence, how this hamlet shone in the epics of brigandage, how the other was destroyed, rather by Greek friend than Moslem foe. Not much of all this original and piquant national life will survive the next fifty years of ordered government and economic development. Railways have ended the larger romance of the Vlach carriers, emigration across the Atlantic is already thinning the ranks of these home-loving migrants, and a modern song of Samarina laments that "the boys go to America" and "the girls keep vigil." The Vlach language has survived so far in the safe keeping of the women. They have kept it as the tongue of the cradle and the home, of courtship and family love, and if a man bargains and argues in Greek, it is still in Vlach that he utters his emotions. With all their passion for the systematic assimilation of other races, the Greeks were so far Orientals that they did not grasp the social importance of women. Had they spent half the pains in teaching the girls that they gave to Hellenizing the boys, they might have completed the absorption not only of the Vlachs, but of the Slavs and Christian Albanians as well. But to-day even the Vlach girls begin to talk Greek. In another century the last old woman who talked Vlach will rank in history with the old lady who said her prayers in Cornish. When that day comes, "The Nomads of the Balkans" (Methuen) will be not merely a diverting book of travels, but an invaluable monument to a singular and interesting race.

We like to think that the origin of the Vlachs is still among the unsolved riddles of history. Messrs. Wace and Thompson have left it a mystery, and the romantic reader may take his choice of ancestors between Trajan's legionaries and the lost Ten Tribes. Nothing at all is certain, not even whether the Vlachs of Macedonia and Albania wandered southward with their Roman speech from the colonies of Dacia and the Danube, or are, on the contrary, survivors of Roman settlements which migrated northward into Roumania. It is tempting to think that these mountain villagers are the descendants of garrisons planted by the Romans to guard the passes of the Egnatian Way. But the history of some of them is recent, and a Vlach village which looks as though it had been holding the pass against barbarians since the night of time, will often disconcert your musings by confessing to you that its ancestors settled on this spot a matter of two hundred years ago, and came from another centre a good fifty miles away. The Vlachs have the habit not merely of annual migration, but of periodical hiving. The devastations of Ali Pasha have had much more to do with their dispersion than the strategy of Rome. The habit of migration is, moreover, about the last which we should expect a disciplined Roman garrison to acquire. The chances, indeed, are that the Vlachs are innocent of any Italian blood. They are the descendants, not of the legionaries (themselves gathered from every corner of the Roman world save Italy), but of the Thracian or Dacian shepherd tribes, which became partially Romanized. And that conjecture, when one comes to weigh it, is more romantic, more incredible in its coercive probability, than the other. There is scarcely a monument on these hillsides to tell us that Rome had passed this way. The Via Egnatia hides in their brushwood, a humble packman's track. The very stones have lost the impress of the Roman chisel. It stands out fresh and living in the brain of this race which went to school amid the sheeppotes. The purple faded, the legions broke, but still the children prattle in clipped syllables that Cicero would have understood.

A STUDY OF TEMPERAMENT.

WITH the best intentions, the authoress of "The Lonely Nietzsche" (Heinemann) has done her brother a great disservice. Nietzsche was lonely, but the reason was in himself, not in others. He was frankly impossible: never was there, in Johnson's phrase, so "unclubbable" a man. In many respects the memoirs recall Froude's "Reminiscences of Carlyle." There is the same want of reserve, of proportion, of humor; while the squalid squabbles, described so minutely, rival, though without their defiance of the conventions of sex, the most sordid details of the Shelley ménage. The philosopher disliked Overbeck's wife. He found her manner unattractive and her appearance displeasing, since her complexion was uncommonly bad. "Whenever he talked to her he removed his spectacles." His friends were desirous that he should make a "good" marriage; the one object was "to find a young lady whose highest ambition it would be to afford him an opportunity of carrying out his great life-work." But, as Wagner remarked in the course of the discussion, "such young ladies are hard to find." A candidate for the post presented herself in a certain Fräulein Lon Salomé; but the experiment was unsuccessful, and Nietzsche addressed her thus in a farewell letter:—

"I have never yet made a mistake about any human being; and in you I recognize that impulse towards a sublime selfishness which is an instinctive obedience to

the highest law. Some curse or other has made you confound it with its opposite, the selfishness and rapacity of the cat, that wants nothing but life. This feline egotism is more repulsive to me than any other human characteristic."

This letter, his biographer ingenuously adds, "is marked by that courtesy which he always observed, even under the strongest provocation, towards those who had given him offence."

The book lends itself to ridicule; and it would be easy to represent—perhaps it is difficult not to represent—the incidents recorded in a ridiculous light. But this side of the matter, though it should not be overlooked, is of secondary importance. For Nietzsche, though neither the inspired teacher which he believed himself to be, nor the villain of the piece, as the orthodox critics—presumably archdeacons—whose letters appear in the largest print of the "Times," think him, is a notable figure both in himself and because of the extent to which modern Germany has formed itself upon his writings. It may be urged with truth that modern Germany has misunderstood them; and that Nietzsche, whose opinion of the German character was unflattering, would have disclaimed his disciples. But Mohammedan civilization is not more surely founded on the Koran than German on the popular reading of "Zarathustra." Were the life of the Christian nations modelled to the same extent on the Gospels, we should have, what the thousand years of Christianity have failed to create—a Christian world.

Nietzsche was rather a thinker than a philosopher or a moralist: he is of the kindred of the French aphorists, and much of his thought is pure gold. Of Anti-Semitism, e.g., "Generally speaking, there are good reasons for distrusting the anti-Semites." Of the Middle Ages: "A great many of us moderns, if with our temperance, our sober morals, our gentleness, our sense of justice, we were transplanted into the semi-barbarism of the early Middle Ages, would be revered as saints." Of the slow growth of ideas: "Let us beware of teaching such a doctrine as a suddenly revealed religion! It must filter in slowly, whole generations must cultivate it and grow fruitful from it, so that it may become a great tree to overshadow the whole race of man. What are the twenty centuries during which Christianity has held its own? The mightiest idea needs many thousands of years; for a very long time it must be feeble and small."

Such thoughts, however, are embedded in a mass of foreign matter. Here and there are notes of heavenly music, but here and there only: there is much that recalls the ravings of an insane ward. The reason is as notorious as it is melancholy; and it is one which, while no one will willingly dwell on it, we cannot afford to forget. It accounts for the atmosphere of jealous suspicion in which Nietzsche lived—for his megalomania, his egotism, his lack of perspective and of instinct for fact. The ruling faculty was wanting. He lived in words; he was exacting and monopolizing; he claimed all and gave nothing. Is it surprising that his circle narrowed? that he never kept a friend? Not that he was without a winning side. The compassion which he inspired, and the admiration which his prophetic character—for a prophet he was—commanded, emphasized this; and those who discerned it saw in him, with Rohde, "a saint in disguise." In Genoa his fellow-lodgers spoke of him as *il santo*, or *il piccolo santo*; "thinking, no doubt, of one of those friendly go-betweens to whom they were accustomed to unburden their souls—and not of those great, rigid, inexorable saints who threaten with hell-fire." He would set and bandage a dog's broken leg; a touching example of his tenderness to a sick child is recorded (p. 23); and in the Nice earthquake of 1887 his first thought was to go back

to the house to help a lame man who could not leave it without assistance. Inconsistent: but "*O felix culpa!*" On such inconsistencies the gods smile.

Are not these things a parable of Germanism as we see it? Do nations, as well as men, go mad? it has been asked; and, with the example of Germany before us, it is difficult to deny it. We are accustomed to think of the Germans as our intellectual superiors; and, in many respects, they are so; nor, till yesterday, should we have placed them on a lower moral level than our own. Where they fail is in civilization—the *Kultur* on which they pride themselves—and in the self-control which civilization gives. Hence the temperamental anomalies which perplex us; they are at once sentimental and ruthless, kindly and brutal, thorough and superficial, erudite and stupid beyond belief. The psychological symptoms which they exhibit are as bad as bad can be: they show sheer panic, and in any other people one would think collapse imminent. Yet so disciplined is the nation, so drilled the army, so organized the war-machine, that they fight on; and, though time fights against them, their land force at least is as formidable to all appearance as it was in August. The interior condition of the Empire is matter of conjecture; but, so far, the reserves come up at call.

Chivalry has been shown by individual Germans: the dying soldier who gave his flask to the wounded Englishman, and refused to drink it, saying, "Drink you; I die," recalls Sir Philip Sidney. Our men wrote "A1" on his nameless grave; and no historic shrine can boast a nobler epitaph. But the horrors which have marked the occupation of Belgium and French Flanders are beyond description; and the recently translated official War Book shows that these atrocities are not outbursts of passion, however inhuman, but part of a deliberately organized plan of campaign. It would be as unjust to saddle Nietzsche with these crimes as it would be to make St. Paul responsible for Anti-nomianism, or Socrates for the corruption of youth. All three teachers indeed made use of paradox: but there is nothing in their teaching which, assuming the legitimacy of paradox as a method of instruction, cannot be explained. But paradox lends itself to misconception; each of the three has given occasion to the enemy to blaspheme. Nietzsche foresaw this: the vision of the German General Staff and of the "Times" goodly fellowship of archdeacons passed, it seems, before his perturbed eye:—

"O Zarathustra," said the child to me, 'look at thyself in the mirror!'

"But when I looked into the mirror I uttered a loud cry, and my heart was shaken: for I saw, not myself, but a devil's grinning face, a devil's scornful laugh."

"The word 'superman,'" Frau Förster-Nietzsche observes with reason, "has worked an intolerable amount of mischief. It has been misunderstood both by accident and by design." So with the notions of the "head morality," the "plebeian ideal" of religion, and the rest. Unfortunately it is on this, the non-sane side, as it may be called, that the Germanism of our generation has taken Nietzsche—with the results that we see. When a people goes mad, no lunatic asylum can contain it: the disease must work itself out, though in the process the patient may be torn and die. Some malign fairy, it would seem, presided at the birth, both of the lonely thinker and of the nation which has partly formed itself on his misunderstood thought, and the gift which she brought with her turned the other gifts with which each was so abundantly endowed to ashes; the silver became dross, the pure gold dim. For it cut at the root of that master-gift, that practical wisdom, which regulates life

in such sort that, if it be wanting, it can be replaced by no other endowment, while, if it be present, no other equipment is required:—

"Nullum numen abest si sit Prudentia: nos te,
Nos facimus, Fortuna, deam cœloque locamus."

Communications.

A PLEA FOR THE STATEMENT OF THE ALLIES' TERMS.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The war has now continued for six months, and the first shock of it is over. The cessation of public discussion in England which has accompanied it has, no doubt, in many ways been desirable and necessary. But there is one topic the consideration of which by public opinion is at the present time of vital importance. What is the proper attitude for this country to adopt towards the ending of the war? Upon this matter we may fairly say that the British people have no clear view. In that fact lies a great danger. For lack of a guiding intention the tragedy may drift on beyond the needed time. Thought and discussion focussed upon the conditions of peace might arrest it. England, of course, as a member of an Alliance, cannot act upon her own opinion alone. If her wishes conflict with those of France and Russia, they will need in part to be waived. But she can at least form her own opinion, and, so far, render less probable a policy of mere drift and waiting upon events.

There is one view which is sometimes openly urged, but more often tacitly assumed, in articles appearing in newspapers. It is that the object to be secured in this war is not any set of concessions which victory may enable the Allies to exact, but the mere brute fact of victory—complete and crushing victory—for its own sake. In any ordinary quarrel, the purpose of one contestant is to compel the other to do, or to refrain from doing, some definable thing; and, if that result can be achieved without battle and bloodshed, it is held to be the greater gain. But in the present case there are many persons whom, it appears, no concessions on the part of Germany would induce to stop the war. They wish to invade German territory, kill, wound, and capture German soldiers and sailors, destroy German cities, and ruin German civilians, not in order that thereby Germany may be forced to yield something that she now refuses to yield, but because, as they hold, the actual doing of these things is necessary and desirable. To me, that attitude of mind is terrible in the extreme. It is wrong in itself; it is appalling in its consequences. I have seen the shattered ruins of Ypres Cathedral; I have watched the mud-stained soldiery staggering homeward from their trenches; I have been near by when children in Dunkirk have been maimed and killed from the air. And the sorrow, terror, and pain that these things represent—the pitiful slaughter of the youth of seven nations, the awful waste of effort and of organizing power, the dulling and stunting of our human sympathies—all this is to be carried forward, not till our terms are granted, but till we, offering no terms whatever, have beaten our enemy to her knees! If those writers in newspapers who seek thus to guide the public mind could pass but once through the zone of the armies, I cannot but think their tone would change. From the streams of homeless fugitives—Belgian, French, German, Pole—they need fear no curses; but will they not fear the prayer: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do"?

But if the aim we should set before ourselves is not victory for its own sake, but the securing of certain terms of peace, what is the general character of the terms we must demand? The main issue here is well brought out by the following headline which recently appeared in an English newspaper:—

The Kaiser's terms: An honorable peace.

A French General's terms: The terms we shall choose to impose.

For there are, so far as opinion is formulated at all, two current policies: that which would impose upon Germany a

penal and crushing peace, and that which would consent to one that she might fairly regard as honorable. Let me—without, of course, any attempt to discuss detailed arrangements—examine the issue between these two policies.

The advocates of a penal peace rest their case upon several considerations; but one principal defence far outweighs all the others. It is sincerely believed by many patriotic Englishmen that only by the destruction of Germany's power, by the curtailment of her frontiers, the surrender of her fleet, possibly even the forcible amendment of her constitutional system, can the speedy recurrence of a European war be prevented. Germany, they hold, has sought, and still seeks, to dominate the world, and it is only by rendering her impotent that she can be held back from further attempts to attain that end. Let us, for the sake of argument, grant—I do not myself grant—the worst that can be said of the policy of the German Government. Even so, is it not evident that the imposition of a penal peace *cannot* cure her of the madness by which we suppose her to be afflicted? If a proud nation is battered to her knees, it is inevitable that her whole thought and energy will be concentrated upon preparations for revenge. We shall be building up in the German people that very will to power which we deplore, and strengthening in the German Government that very military party whose policy we suspect. That this, and this alone, can be the result, all history serves to teach. For a time, no doubt, the Allies would be safeguarded from German aggression, and, if they could continue to agree among themselves, peace would be maintained. But Germany will not remain crushed for ever, and in the period of her enforced submission the seeds of another, and perhaps more terrible, conflict will surely and steadily grow. If, on the other hand, peace is reached by agreement with a nation still strong, and not forced at the cannon's mouth upon one almost destroyed, the case is different. Contemplation of loss and suffering due to the rapacity of relentless conquerors stirs the will to power and revenge; but contemplation of loss and suffering directly incurred in war, when no sense of resentment against the harshness of a victor's terms obscures the mind, eviscerates the ardor for military domination. It is sometimes said that, till Germany has been invaded and German territory occupied, the real horror of war will never be brought home to her. Do we credit a great nation with so little imagination? The toll of their maimed and slaughtered sons is before the citizens of Germany. They are neither gods for heroism nor yet devils for callousness. Let but an honorable peace be signed, and the war spirit, appalled at the havoc it has wrought, may quickly fade. It may even be that the road will become open for the development of a reciprocal organization and the establishment, in some limited sense, of a commonwealth of accordant States.

But, if the peace that will content the Allies is an honorable and not a penal peace, one thing clearly follows. It is their duty to decide upon and to make known, in rough general outline, the nature of their terms. In the earlier days of the war, when Germany was moving victoriously forward, to do this would have been impracticable. It is impracticable no longer. It may be, no doubt, that, from the standpoint of bargaining and diplomatic tactics, to show one's hand has disadvantages. But these, whatever they may be, cannot for a moment be weighed against the overwhelming considerations on the other side. Even from the purely tactical standpoint there is much to be said for frankness. For, if honorable terms are offered and Germany refuses to discuss them, the public sympathy of neutral nations will be irretrievably lost to her; and the course of her policy has shown that she greatly values public sympathy. But the ground for offering honorable terms is not the hope that our enemy, by refusing them, may put herself in the wrong. There are some of us who believe that Germany, like Britain, entered upon this war reluctantly, not as the result of any deep-laid plot, but from the mishandling of a difficult diplomatic situation. And though many reject this view, yet they also agree that what now unites the German people—as distinct from the German Government—in wholehearted support of the war is the firm belief that it is a war of self-defence. In view of this attitude of mind, and in view of the terrible record of her wounded and her dead, is there not ground for hope that, if honorable terms are offered

frankly, Germany will accept them? If she will not do this—if, for example, she insists, as a condition of peace, that any part of Belgian territory shall remain in her hands—then this tragedy of blood and tears must roll on. The responsibility will be hers; the ghosts of the slain and the cries of the desolate will haunt her dreams. But if it be the case—and that it *may* be the case no man is entitled to deny—that by a frank statement of the Allies' terms the war could be brought to an end, what will our responsibility be if we refuse to state them? A petty fear of being fancied weak may hold us back. For that so-called point of honor, which is really a point of vanity, the opportunity which the present lull affords *may* be allowed to pass. For the credit of our statesmanship, for our good name at the bar of history, that calamity *must* not be. We have risked all to carry on the war; let us risk a little to conclude it.—Yours, &c.,

A. C. PIGOU.

King's College, Cambridge.

January 27th, 1915.

[The military issue must necessarily be a leading guide to policy and terms of peace; but, without accepting all Professor Pigou's arguments, or assuming that a large party in this country desires a "penal peace," we agree with him that it is desirable for the Allies to make clear to their own subjects and to the neutral world the general lines of their policy, and the means by which they propose to attain them. We have already argued strongly in this sense. The opinion of the world is a great factor in this business, and it has not, in our view, been appealed to with sufficient definiteness. The Allies were quite right to decide to make peace in common. But that declaration virtually binds them to indicate, without undue delay, the kind of peace they have in view. We cannot dictate the terms of such a statement, for the desires and interests of our Allies must be considered. But we can use our general influence.—ED., NATION.]

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHAPTER OF HEREFORD AND THE "CHURCH TIMES."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Mr. Lee's letter is calculated to give the impression that the Hereford diocese is a Broad Church preserve. A glance at "Crockford" will show how wide of the mark such an impression is; and, in particular, how theologically colorless the Bishop's presentations to the livings in his gift have been and are. Nor—though, as the examples of Westminster and St. Paul's may remind us, a certain unity of character in a Chapter is neither a novel nor an unattainable ideal—can it be said that a "drab uniformity of opinion" is the note of a cathedral body which includes so pronounced an Anglo-Catholic as the Archdeacon of Hereford, and so sound a churchman as the Dean.

I do not propose to follow Mr. Lee on to technical theological ground. I will only say that Liberal Catholicism is a bridge over which many pass, but on which few remain; and that the ascription of "humility," in any sense of the word, to the "Church Times" recalls a saying of Father Tyrrell's: "I hope that I am not humble, from what I have seen of humble men."—Yours, &c.,

A LIBERAL CHURCHMAN.

January 30th, 1915.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The quotation from the "Church Times" *re* the appointment of Dr. Streeter to a canonry in Hereford Cathedral, quoted in your last issue by "Liberal Churchman," makes sad reading. It has, of course, the usual armor of "Church Times" contemptuousness which unfortunately marks so many of the utterances of the present so-called Catholic parties in the Church of England.

To what lengths this sort of superior-person contemptuousness of attitude can go, the following story very well illustrates: Early in November, being by chance in London, I wandered one weekday morning into the Church of All Saints, Margaret Street. I found a clergyman in the pulpit

(whom I was told was the vicar) addressing some women who were apparently members of a guild of prayer. In the course of the address the preacher said: "Then, of course, we must pray for St. Paul's. Poor St. Paul's, it has fallen on very evil days! It is sad that things should be as they are there," and a good deal more in this sort of style. For some time I thought the St. Paul's alluded to was some mission church attached to All Saints, and that there had been some grave moral scandal connected with the place which had, or was likely to, ruin entirely the work which had been done there. To my great surprise and amusement, it gradually dawned on me that these few pious women were being lashed to fury, or reduced to pious horror, over the state of things at St. Paul's Cathedral! They were reminded that the day had been when St. Paul's was a centre with a Catholic influence, but that all this was now a thing of the past, the light shone no more, the influence for good had departed, and the only thing therefore to be done was for the good ladies to pray that the present dreadful state of things might be remedied. All this, too, in the most intolerably superior, thundering tone. What the particular enormities of St. Paul's were was not definitely stated; it was damnation by suggestion. This at any rate was quite plain. "We" at All Saints' knew all about the wicked things taught there, for "we" had been taught the true Catholic faith. In very thankfulness therefore for this privilege it was their duty to pray all the more earnestly that the pernicious influences of St. Paul's might somehow be removed, and that the poor people who were compelled to go there, or who went in ignorance, might be preserved from peril, and so on, and so on.

If all this was not so sad, it would be merely ridiculous. Doubtless, however, "Poor St. Paul's" will be able to look after itself!—Yours, &c.,

ERNEST H. DYKES.

Leeds, January 28th, 1915.

PRISONERS OF WAR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Miss Emily Hobhouse's quotation from Benjamin Franklin's letters, "the subscriptions for our prisoners will have excellent effects in favor of England and Englishmen," in your last issue, is as true now as in 1778. Kindness shown by individual English people, not only to German prisoners of war but to the thousands of civilian prisoners and to the still greater numbers of destitute and forlorn Germans thrown out of all chance of making a living in the country of their sojourn and often adoption, may well partake of that large charity which blesses the givers and makes for peace among the nations unhappily at war.

Such work has been carried on with untiring devotion by a band of men and women since the outbreak of the war under the Emergency Committee for the assistance of Germans and Austrians in distress (169, St. Stephen's House, Westminster Bridge), and a report describing the work and appealing for funds has just been published.

I earnestly hope many of your readers will send for this report and associate themselves with the labors of the Committee by supplying it with funds.—Yours, &c.,

KATE COURTNEY OF PENWITH.

15, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S.W.

February 1st, 1915.

THE CONDITION OF THE FARM LABORERS.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The article, "The War and the Laborer," in your issue of January 30th, seems to me so typical of the attitude of all politicians to the condition of the agricultural workers that I am fain to make a comment, although your references are wholly to conditions across the border. A sentence in the article states very well the politicians' attitude, and seems to me a very good description of the article in question. "The assumption which underlies and explains so much of English history, that the agricultural laborer is a person for whom other classes make arrangements, his task being to adapt himself to those arrangements when made." Delete the word "agricultural," and the sentence would stand as a good definition of the attitude of the governing

classes towards the working class until trade unions and the Labor movement taught them differently. That it is not without acceptance still is shown by the recruiting advertisement in the same issue, asking employers to offer their workmen the choice of enlistment or the sack.

It seems to me that until the English agricultural laborer can demand the same respect and independence as other classes of workers, there is little hope of this attitude changing. This attitude is not the result of want of sympathy with the agricultural laborer. He is getting smothered with sympathy—Government proposals for Wages Boards, Tory proposals for Wages Boards, Fabian and Labor proposals for legislative safeguards. All are anxious to do something for the agricultural laborer—to "make arrangements" for him. Everybody is earnestly working to devise some simple sort of crutch by which he can get off his knees, when all that is needed is that he be encouraged to use his own feet.

It may be that I am advocating a policy impossible of being followed in England. I shall be told that the agricultural laborer is so beaten down that some sort of crutch is necessary for him. That may be true. I remember, however, that the same thing was said of the docker, the sailor, and the shop assistant, and is now being said of the clerk. We were told the same thing when we started in Scotland to organize the farm-servants. We were advised to concentrate on political measures, to go for Wages Boards, &c. We did not do so; we went on the old-fashioned lines of urging the men to do things for themselves. After just less than three years' work, we think we have justified our method. We have reduced hours and raised wages. For instance, the hirings now going on in the Lothians show a rise in the weekly wages of from 4s. to 6s. since we opened branches there, while the weekly half-holiday is common. This is not all due to war conditions. This year the increase will be about twice as much as the men secured at each of the previous two annual hirings. They are able to take better advantage of the present scarcity, because they have learned to act together. But even more important than these improvements is the encouragement of the self-respect and self-reliance of the workers. Except for a loan at the beginning and the assistance of a few sympathizers to speak at meetings and to write in our Journal, the work has been done by the farm-servants themselves. They officer the branches and run the organization, and now we have discovered a considerable number who make very effective propaganda speakers. In short, the Scottish Farm Servants' Union is showing the normal development of a trade union.

I wish to guard against being taken as opposed to political methods or reforms. All I contend for is the priority of the industrial organization and the necessity of the political reform following on the clearly expressed demands of the workers themselves. All that Parliament will do will be to make obligatory what the workmen show they can enforce by other means. I know the difficulty of trade unionism amongst rural workers; it is very difficult, and often very disheartening. It may be more difficult in England than it is in Scotland. I am convinced, however, that it is the only way of stirring the rural workers to demand the right to make their own arrangements. All the other ways have the fundamental defect of leaving him out of the reckoning.

If, at the present time, your readers who wish to help the farm laborers to secure the increases which the farmers can well give, would seek out the Agricultural Laborers' Union nearest to them, and offer to speak at the meetings to encourage the men to ask for more wages, it would help more than all the palaver about County Committees. The laborers can do it within a week or two if they are encouraged. The Committees will take so long to get to work that the opportunity will be past. Let the laborer feel he has public opinion with him, and he can get on his own feet.—Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH F. DUNCAN.

(Interim Secretary, Scottish Farm Servants' Union.)
35A, Union Street, Aberdeen.
February 1st, 1915.

[As our readers know, we have always contended that there can be no solution of the rural labor question until the

agricultural laborers organize their forces in order to assert and defend themselves. In spite of the experience of our correspondent, which we welcome, we seem, unhappily, to be as far from that ideal as ever in England; otherwise, the laborers could have taken advantage of the scarcity produced by the war to reach decent wages. The proposal to set up a Board in each county in which the laborers' unions will be represented (in equal number with the farmers presumably), is surely one very direct way of encouraging the laborers to join the union. The effect of the Minimum Wage Boards in other sweated industries has been to strengthen trade unionism.—ED., NATION.]

SERBIA AND THE DALMATIAN COAST.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—May I be allowed to question the statement that appeared in the last issue of your paper to the effect that the "Dalmatian coast is hardly less Serbian than Belgrade," and that on this account it should fall to Serbia "on the straight principle of nationality?" I do not know what constitutes a claim to nationality, unless indeed it mean the sum total of the spirit, the culture, the intellectual and artistic manifestations of a people, and the continuity of its tradition. On these grounds, I cannot see how Serbia can lay claim to Dalmatia. Not only does it historically belong to Latin civilization, of which it is the outpost across the Adriatic as well as the natural boundary, but the archives of the Dalmatian coast towns, their laws, institutions, culture, and language are Italian just as much as are those on the other side of the Adriatic.

The Serbo-Croatian invasion took place in the seventh century A.D.—i.e., after eight centuries of Latin domination. It occupied the hinterland, but the coast and the islands continued to be Italian, and have remained so until the present day. The progress and civilization of Dalmatia is due exclusively to these and not to Slav influences, and until 1912 the language was Italian. If I am right, I believe the Serbians to base their claims on two arguments: (1) political, (2) numerical and statistical.

1. Italy would never wish to deny Serbia a sufficient and adequate coast-line as long as this did not interfere with or violate the principle of Latin nationality. On the other hand, Dalmatia not only is essentially a part of Italy but it is important to her strategically if she is to remain mistress of the Adriatic.

2. Everyone knows the value of Austrian statistics. How is it that the Serbo-Croatians have acquired a numerical advantage in Dalmatia? Merely through a forced and unnatural immigration and persecution, provoked deliberately by Austria with the purpose of destroying and suffocating the Italian element. That this has resisted so long and, though outnumbered, still dominates the spirit and the culture of Dalmatia, is in itself a proof of its right to existence and domination. Sarajevo, too, is being slowly crushed out by the Austrian Catholics, but, on that account, no Serb would deny the intense Serbian character of Bosnia. Neither of the two arguments above are sufficient to justify the Serbian claim to Dalmatia on the ground of the principle of nationality. On the contrary, if I may say so, they are artificial political arguments that are based on the direct violation of nationality and the destruction of a great civilization.—Yours, &c.,

ARUNDEL DEL RE.

(London Correspondent of the "Rassegna Contemporanea," Rome.)

London, February 4th, 1915.

"THE COMPLETE ART OF FRIGHTFULNESS."

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—In your article entitled "The Complete Art of Frightfulness," should not your citations from the German "War Book" have been given with the idea of exhibiting the inhumanity of all militarism rather than that of merely German militarism? The methods of "frightfulness" proposed to attain the object in view can be found in the writings and sayings of our own militarists, and a single example may serve to show what British Bernhardis are capable of teaching. Dr. Miller Maguire, the eminent military critic and coach, writing in the "Times" of July 2nd, 1900, during the Boer War, says:—

"The proper strategy consists, in the first place, in inflicting as terrible blows as possible upon the enemy's army, and then in causing the inhabitants so much suffering that they must long for peace, and force their Government to demand it. The people must be left with nothing but their eyes to weep with over the war. It will require the daily and hourly exertions of those who have been burnt out to procure a scanty subsistence to sustain life. When the soldier learns that his family—his wife and little children—are sure to suffer, he will become uneasy in his place, and will weigh the duty he owes his family; and what the promptings of Nature will be it is not difficult to determine."

Not Prussian militarism, but simply—militarism.—Yours, &c., F. B. SINCLAIR.

48, Putney Hill, S.W.

February 1st, 1915.

[Yes; but not laid down by us as our authoritative guide or practised by our armies and fleets.—ED., NATION.]

THOMAS HOOD.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—At the head of Mr. Watson's poem on page 543 of your issue of this date, it is stated that Hood was born in January, 1835. This is obviously an error. In the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," edited by his daughter, the date of his birth is given as May, 1799.—Yours, &c.,

J. M. GIMSON.

108, Regent Road, Leicester.

January 30th, 1915.

[We apologize for the slip, for which Mr. Watson is not responsible.—ED., NATION.]

Poetry.

MOUNTAIN FLORA.

As the plant on the smooth of the hill
That sees not the deep and the height,
That knows not the might
Of the whole—

I am rooted and grounded in Him,
The small leaves of my soul
Thrust up from His will.

I know not the terrible peak,
The white and ineffable Thought,
Whence the hill-torrents flow
And my nurture is brought.
I am little and meek;
I dare not to lift
My look to His snow,
But drink, drop by drop, of its gift

Some say, on the face
Of that ultimate height
Small plants have their place:
Rapt far from our sight
In the solitude strange
Where the infinite Dream mounts range beyond range
To the infinite Sky, there they grow.

Where the intellect faints
In the silence and cold,
There, humble and glad, their petals unfold.
As the innocent bell
Of the Least Soldanella thrusts up through the snow,
So the hearts of the saints
On the terrible height of the Godhead may dwell;
Held safe by the Will
As we, on the smooth of the hill.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The English Essay and Essayists." By Hugh Walker. (Dent. 5s. net.)
- "Nelson's History of the War." Vol. I.—"From the Beginning of the War to the Fall of Namur." By John Buchan. (Nelson. 1s. net.)
- "The Princess Mathilde Bonaparte." By Philip W. Sergeant. (Stanley Paul. 16s. net.)
- "International Socialism and the War." By A. W. Humphrey. (P. S. King. 3s. 6d. net.)
- "The Origins and Destiny of Imperial Britain." By J. A. Cramb. (Murray. 5s. net.)
- "Albrecht Ritschl and His School." By Robert Mackintosh. (Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)
- "America of the Americans." By H. C. Shelley. (Sir Isaac Pitman. 6s. net.)
- "Archbishop Darboy and Some French Tragedies (1813-1871)." By Lewis C. Price. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)
- "In Other Days." By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Methuen. 6s.)
- "Billie's Mother." By M. J. H. Skrine. (Arnold. 6s.)

LORD CROMER has written a supplementary volume to his "Modern Egypt," which will be published this month by Messrs. Macmillan. It is called "Abbas II.," and it covers the fifteen years between the death of Tewfik Pasha, in 1892, and Lord Cromer's departure from Egypt in 1907. It should be a rather biting book, for Lord Cromer's view of Abbas's character was obtained at close range, and was quite as unfavorable as its subject deserved. Lord Cromer and Abbas never "got on," for, indeed, it was hard to respect the ex-Khedive either as a man or as a ruler. Lord Kitchener's relations were probably a little better. But there were some sharp passages in them.

A DANISH correspondent writes me that the war is leaving its mark on international publishing. After mentioning that, before the war, Germany had shown an almost insatiable appetite for translations of foreign books, he adds that a leading German publisher has just announced that he has done with Gabriele d'Annunzio. According to this publisher, d'Annunzio has attacked Germany merely out of hatred, and he has not even the excuse that his country has suffered through the war. If the battle of the books is to extend to the length of boycotting all writers who express strong opinions about the war, the number of translations from and into German will be small indeed.

MR. H. NOEL WILLIAMS has already a considerable number of biographies of famous Frenchwomen to his credit. He is about to add to the number by "The Life of Margaret d'Angoulême," which is announced by Mr. Eveleigh Nash. This time, at least, Mr. Williams has chosen a subject that abounds in literary interest. Margaret was not only the author of the "Heptameron" but the patroness of a group of men of letters that included Rabelais, Clement Marot, and Bonaventure des Periers, and the influence of her Court makes one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of the Renaissance in France.

A LIST of some American literary studies nearing publication includes "Essays in Chaucer" by Professor G. L. Kittredge, "The History of Allegory in Spain" by Mr. C. R. Post, and "The Supernatural in Tragedy" by Mr. C. E. Whitmore, all three to come from the Harvard University Press. Messrs. Doubleday, Page, & Co. announce "A History of American Literature" by Professor Kellner and "The Drama in America" by Mr. Clayton Hamilton, to appear in a series called "The American Books" for which volumes on "The University Movement," "Socialism in America," and "The Cost of Living" have also been arranged. So that in America, at any rate, critical writing does not seem likely to be extinguished during the war.

MR. ROLAND G. USHER has just finished a book on "Pan-Americanism," which is on lines similar to his "Pan-Germanism," published by Messrs. Constable some time before

the war. The latter volume is almost as remarkable an exposition of German aims and feeling as that given by Professor Cramb.

THE new batch of volumes to appear in Messrs. Jack's series "The People's Books" would probably not have been written but for the war. They are "The Hohenzollerns" by Mr. A. D. Innes, "Treitschke" by Mr. M. A. Mugge, "Germany" by Mr. W. T. Waugh, "Belgium" by Mr. Frank Maclean, and "The British Army" by Mr. A. H. Atteridge.

Is the Early-Victorian period about to emerge from the veil of disparagement that has covered it for a generation? That disparagement was to a large extent the fruit of ignorance or thoughtlessness, and Mr. Herbert Paul, writing nearly twenty years ago, was justly severe on those who gave expression to it. "Superfine people," he wrote, "when they wish to disparage art, or literature, or furniture, or individuals, describe the objects of their contempt as 'Early Victorian.'" In other words, they consign them to the same category as Dickens, Thackeray, and Charlotte Brontë. We appear to be changing all that. At any rate there are now to be found quite a number of collectors of early Victorian furniture, and even the minor literary figures of the period are not without defenders. Mr. S. M. Ellis, for example, who contributes an article on Frank Smedley to the current "Fortnightly Review," is the author of a useful volume on "William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends," and has, I believe, also completed a biography of G. P. R. James. As far as one can judge from the cheap reprints, such writers as Ainsworth, G. P. R. James, Fenimore Cooper, James Grant, Mayne Reid, or even Charles Lever, do not now find many readers. But wordy and old-fashioned as they often are, they do not deserve this total neglect, and Mr. Ellis has done well to draw attention to their merits.

SOME of Frank Smedley's novels are still priced fairly high in the catalogues of second-hand books, but more for the sake of the illustrations by "Phiz" and George Cruikshank than because of any value set upon the novels themselves. Yet, as Mr. Ellis observes, "Lewis Arundel," Smedley's best work, has plenty of humor, and gives an excellent picture of the manners, customs, and habits of thought of Early Victorian days. "Here we see the social life of the 'forties in town, at opera, dinner-party, and in the park; here, too, is the country-house life of the time, and that abroad, when the travels of the upper classes still retained some of the conditions of Le Grand Tour of the previous century; and here, also, are glimpses of the Chartist unrest at home, and the Austro-Italian complications on the Continent." It does for a larger section of society what "Cranford" does for a small country town. And it is pleasant to renew acquaintance from time to time with "those arch young ladies, with their ringlets, voluminous skirts, and tiny, pert parasols, their flirtations and faints and fragile femininity." The contrast with the athletic young ladies of our own days is certainly piquant.

Or Smedley's other novels, "Frank Fairleigh" and "Henry Coverdale's Courtship" had a great vogue when our fathers were boys. The latter novel has a history which is, I think, unique in the world of books. It was begun as a short story, then started a fresh career as a serial in "Sharpe's Magazine," was concluded in a summary manner through a change in the editorship, was abandoned for a time, had its name changed, and was at last issued in the then popular style of monthly parts. Smedley called it his *enfant terrible*, and in spite of Mr. Ellis's praise, it hardly justifies the troubles and worries which it caused its creator. In addition to these novels, Smedley wrote a certain amount of verse. He collaborated with Edmund Yates in "Mirth and Metre," and a number of poems were published after his death under the title of "Gathered Leaves." This last volume contains a short memoir by Edmund Yates. Mr. Ellis's tribute to Smedley's memory is an enjoyable excursion into the by-paths of Early Victorian literature.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THOMAS DAVIS.

"Literary and Historical Essays of Thomas Davis." The Centenary Edition. Edited by W. D. J. O'DONOGHUE. (Tempest: Dundalk. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE small volume that lies before us of the collected writings of Thomas Davis is a work of pious remembrance—a touching evidence of the long and deep loyalty of the Irish people to those who have given their hearts to the national cause. The essays mainly belong to the three years after the "Nation" was founded, on October 15th, 1842, till the death of Davis, on September 16th, 1845, at the age of thirty. In the general welter of shattered hopes that marked O'Connell's last years, Davis and his friends stood firm, rallying the younger generation to new resolution, and calling on them to lift yet higher the flag of national loyalty:—

"This country of ours is no sandbank, thrown up by some recent caprice of earth. It is an ancient land, honored in the archives of civilization, traceable into antiquity by its piety, its valor, and its sufferings. Every great European race has sent its stream to the river of Irish mind. Long wars, vast organizations, subtle codes, beacon crimes, leading virtues, and self-mighty men, were here. If we live influenced by wind and sun and tree, and not by the passions and deeds of the past, we are a thriftless and hopeless people."

Irish history was ransacked for examples of public spirit and public services, and for warning against national sins and errors; "for," said Young Ireland, "it is as mad and wicked to extinguish the light history throws on the past as to extinguish a beacon on rocks where a navy may founder." With reiterated entreaties, Davis implored Irishmen to equip themselves as citizens of no mean country: if no public instruction was given them in Irish affairs, let each man inquire and learn for himself something of its ancient and modern story, its natural language, its ballads and music, its ancient raths, its soil and fruits, its economic resources, its minerals, the statistics of its trade, its architectural ruins, its genealogies, and races of men. Thus they might vindicate the dignity of a national and spiritual civilization, and recover the strength of democratic liberty. Such sentiments were not favorably viewed in England, and the "Nation" was there regarded as "the most ominous and formidable phenomenon of these strange and menacing times." Davis and his friends dared to apply to Ireland the sentiments and arguments which in English circles were reserved for the small nations of the European Continent:—

"Practice is the great teacher, and the possession of independence is the natural and best way for a People to learn all that pertains to freedom and happiness."

"An Irish Government and a national ambition would be to our minds as soft rains and rich sun to a growing crop."

It was even suggested in the "Nation" that Ireland need not remain for ever a dim island beyond an island—that she, too, might have her natural associations and alliances linking her with her own people beyond the seas, and with the rising nationalities of Europe. Quick recognition of the new national idea came from abroad. A new French paper established in Paris called itself "La Nation," and announced it would imitate the career of the "Nation" in Ireland. The title became popular for journals in Florence, Madrid, Buenos Ayres, and various places in America and Australia. The President of the United States declared himself in favor of the repeal of the Union, and of an Irish Parliament in Dublin; and offers of help poured across the sea to the Irish from the States, from Canada, and from France:—

"This," wrote Davis, "is a history of two years never surpassed in importance and honor . . .

"Energy, patience, generosity, skill, tolerance, enthusiasm, created and decked the agitation. The world attended us with its thoughts and prayers. The graceful genius of Italy and the profound intellect of Germany paused to wish us well. The fiery heart of France tolerated our unarmed effort, and proffered its aid. America sent us money, thought, love—she made herself a part of Ireland in her passions and her organization. . . . To man

and God we made oath that we would never cease to strive till an Irish nation stood supreme on this island. The genius which roused and organized us, the energy which labored, the wisdom that taught, the manhood which rose up, the patience which obeyed, the faith which swore, and the valor that strained for action, are here still, experienced, recruited, resolute. The future shall realize the promise of the past."

Seventy years have passed—more than two generations of men—and as Irishmen read once more the teachings of Davis, they must inevitably measure the ground won or lost in all those stormy years. We can give here but one or two chance illustrations. In one direction the advance is unmistakable. No words of Davis are more moving than those which picture the lot of the Irish peasantry. In vain he implored the Irish aristocracy to "consider their state, and save them with their own hands." Since then, at a cost we all remember, the Irish farmer has won the right to live in security on the land he tills, and over all Ireland, from sea to sea, the "striped" holdings, the laborers' cottages, show us the old people creeping back over the fields from which their fathers were banished. Yet even here the victory is but half won. What would be the feelings of Davis if he could return to survey an agricultural country where, of seventeen million acres available for cultivation, eighty-seven out of every hundred are under grass, relegated to their prairie value, while ten thousand agricultural laborers are yearly exported to other countries? With what urgency would he have sought to allay the strife that has hampered the work of co-operation among Irish farmers, and hindered the full development of the social and industrial life of Ireland!

In education, too, seventy years have made a change. There are no longer three million seven hundred thousand people who can neither read nor write, and less than half a million able both to read and to write. Irishmen have been put to school. But what about the training to be Irish citizens? For seventy years it has still remained as Davis described it, "stunted, partial, anti-national"; and his lament over the "national" schools is as true as ever. "These schools are very good so far as they go, and the children should be sent to them; but they are not 'national,' they do not use the Irish language, nor teach anything peculiarly Irish." Let those who doubt inquire into the teaching of Irish history in Ireland, or into the instruction given in the geography, the resources, the economic conditions or possibilities of their country. In the matter of the Irish language, indeed, prejudice has been fortified by its own triumphs. How many months is it, for example, since the Post Office refused to allow the passage of letters addressed in Irish? Surely the vigorous words of Davis are as much needed to-day as seventy years ago:—"To lose your native tongue and learn that of an alien is the worst badge of conquest; it is the chain on the soul." The mighty scholars of Davis's time, toiling in hardships and difficulties that we dimly realize now, fought their magnificent battle for Irish learning.

But victory still halts. Perhaps it would be impossible for a Grand Jury now to make a presentment for a road to run right through the majestic tumulus of Brugh-na-Boinne, as they were ready to do in Davis's time. But we ourselves have seen the monstrous ruin of Tara in the fatuous diggings for the Hebrew Ark of the Covenant. Who can view unmoved the mournful desolation of Durrow, of St. Columcille, and of thousands of the sacred sites of Ireland? With what grief do scholars consult the Ordnance maps on which such labors and hopes were lavished in Davis's time—maps now, to the sorrow and disgrace of Ireland, fallen in value so very far behind those of Scotland or Wales. In Davis's time an earnest effort was made to revive the fine tradition of Irish architecture; but the lack of national education has wrought the failure of those hopes, and allowed the expensive importation of every kind of vulgar modern Italian work and foreign marbles. The same cause has almost made desperate the battle to preserve the beautiful Irish melodies and Irish songs against the worthless music-hall ditties, and the "drunken rigmorales" which, according to Davis, "are touchingly classed in the streets, 'sentimental, comic, and nigger songs.'" Seventy years of alien Viceroys and Chief Secretaries have left Irish "civilization" stagnant, and Irish divisions exasperated.

Truly, in looking back over a hundred years of struggling culture and of proud bigotry, Irishmen go back to the creed of Davis:—

"Our greatest voluntary efforts, aided by the amplest provincial institutions, would teach us less in a century than we would learn in five years of liberty."

HURRICANE LAND.

"The Home of the Blizzard." By Sir DOUGLAS MAWSON. (Heinemann. 2 vols. 36s. net.)

SIR DOUGLAS MAWSON'S story of the Australasian expedition to Antarctica is published at an opportune moment. Our minds are sated with the war, but unable to get away from it. Novels have no grip on us; art appears trivial and unreal in face of the terrible horror that surrounds us. But Polar exploration is intensely real, much in the same way that war is, yet without its dark side. It calls forth all the heroism that man is capable of. Comparisons are perhaps invidious; but, by any ordinary standard, the heroism of the Polar explorer exceeds that of the man in the trench—at least in quality. The soldier has comrades around him. He is uplifted with the spirit of battle. He lives and acts, as it were, amid a communal warmth. Arrayed against him are other men very much like himself, even though they do happen to be his enemies. The odds against being killed are astonishingly high. But the Polar explorer is almost alone in his "offensive," as the war bulletins say. At most he has only two or three companions in the sledging journey into the unknown. He has taken up arms against the most powerful, most incalculable and cruellest of enemies—Nature herself, in her harshest and most forbidding mood. The chances of death are high; yet death is faced in the noblest and least questionable of all causes—the ultimate conquest of man over his environment; a cause with which all mankind, irrespective of race or culture, is identified. It is said that our bravest troops lose spirit after several hours in the trenches, knee-deep in freezing water. Think, then, of the men who perform miracles of endurance and exertion under conditions compared with which a flooded trench on a frosty January day in Flanders is as a Turkish bath. A generation hence our successors may, for all we know, talk about our spurt of achievement of late years in the Antarctic as enthusiastically as of our Great War. However that may be, the achievement has been magnificent, and no mean share in the honor will be accorded to Sir Douglas Mawson and his companions for their work along the great span of the coast of Antarctica lying nearest to Australia. Besides its heroism and tragedy—Sir Douglas's story of the loss of Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz on the memorable sledge-journey into King George V. Land is one of the most tragic chapters in Polar literature—Polar exploration has its lighter side. There is the Robinson Crusoe-like detail of preparations and equipment and the daily log. And, more particularly, there is the record of a number of healthy and ardent young men, thrown into close contact with one another in a grim and dangerous sort of picnic, and of the mode of life and the warm comradeship that results. When comrades tramp the road to anywhere through a lively blizzard-ridden land in hunger, want, and weariness," says Sir Douglas Mawson, in one passage, "the interests, ties, and fates of each are interwoven in a wondrous fabric of friendship and affection." For these and similar reasons, a book of Polar exploration is always good stuff. Sir Douglas Mawson's is no exception. It is an important contribution to scientific knowledge, well written, magnificently illustrated, and most grateful reading.

"The Home of the Blizzard" is a well-chosen title. For the greater portion of the year, Adélie Land is a place of perpetual hurricanes. An anemometer chart is published of a day of high winds. It records a constant succession of terrific gusts, exceeding a hundred miles an hour. The average velocity for the twenty-four hours was over ninety miles. Save for a short season, this might almost be regarded as a normal day in Adélie Land. On the well-known Beaufort Scale, a wind of only seventy odd miles is described as a

"hurricane that prostrates exposed trees and houses." Often there were gusts of 200 miles an hour. At 100 miles an hour, the air pressure exerted by the wind is about twenty-three pounds per square foot. In such a wind one's body would have to withstand a lateral pressure of over two hundredweight. "Day after day deluges of drift streamed past the Hut, at times so dense as to hide objects three feet away, until it seemed as if the atmosphere was almost solid snow." Add that the temperature was usually below zero Fahrenheit, and we have what Sir Douglas Mawson calls "the bare, rough facts" of Adélie Land blizzards.

Moving about in the open in these hurricanes became a fine art. Long, bristling spikes or crampons were fixed to the boot-soles, so that the feet might have a grip on the ice-surface. Without them, "the strongest man would start sliding away with gradually increasing velocity" until he fell and was brought up against some obstacle. It was necessary to learn the trick of leaning against the wind; for, of course, an erect position was impossible. Photographs show members of the expedition heeling over at angles of forty-five degrees, and so apparently in danger of falling on their faces, but really supported by the wind-pressure. Until the art of "hurricane-walking" was learnt, the explorers had to crawl about on hands and knees. On occasions these high winds would suddenly drop and almost as suddenly return:—

"The auditory sense was strangely affected by these lulls. The contrast was so severe when the racking gusts of an abating wind suddenly gave way to intense, eerie silence, that the habitual droning of many weeks would still reverberate in the ears. At night one would involuntarily wake up if the wind died away, and be loth to sleep 'for the hunger of a sound.' In the open air the stillness conveyed to the brain an impression of audibility, interpreted as a vibratory murmur."

Often the lull would be local to the low shore level of the Base Camp. On the plateau overhead the hurricane would still be raging. Then the drifts of snow pouring over the heights would send forth "a seething roar like the lashing of distant waves . . . mingled with an undertone of deeper tone from the upland plateau—like the wind in a million tree-tops." Frequent mention is made of "whirlies." These are violent whirlwinds from a few yards to a hundred yards or more in diameter, following an irregular track. A heavy object of several hundredweight was whisked high into the air by a "whirly." As they passed over the sea, "columns of hash-ice, frozen spray, and water-vapor were lifted to heights of from two hundred to four hundred feet."

One of the best chapters in works of this kind is that which describes life in the Hut at the Base during the long Polar winter night. Sir Douglas Mawson's chapter on this subject is altogether delightful. Jobs in the Hut, we are told, were "the elixir of life," and everybody took a hand at the cooking. Cooks were of two sorts—"crook cooks" and "unconventional cooks." There were ironic titles of distinction such as "Assistant Grand Past Master of the Crook Cooks' Association." Both sorts of cooks occasionally committed "championships":—

"'Championship' was a term evolved from the local dialect, applying to a slight mishap, careless accident, or unintentional disaster in any department of hut life. The fall of a dozen plates from the shelf to the floor, the prudence of a table-knife in frozen honey, the burning of the porridge, or the explosion of a tin thawing in the oven, brought down on the unfortunate cook a storm of derisive applause and shouts of 'Championship! Championship!'"

Occasionally, "special championships" were recorded. Scott's party spent the winter very largely in lantern-lectures and scientific discussions; Amundsen's in discursive talks on all sorts of things; but Mawson's companions seem to have been ever on the look-out for chances of merriment. They were particularly keen on "celebrations," and celebrated anything and everything:—

"Birthdays were always greeted with special enthusiasm. Speeches were made, toasts were drunk, the supple boards of the table creaked with good things, cook and messeman vied with each other in lavish hospitality, the Hut was ornate with flags, every man was spruce in his snowiest cardigan and neck-cloth, the gramophone sang of

music-hall days, the wind roared its appreciation through the stove-pipe, and jollification was supreme. . . . The mania for celebration became so great that reference was frequently made to the almanac. During one featureless interval the anniversary of the First Lighting of London by Gas was observed with extraordinary élan."

We cannot praise too highly the photographic illustrations, which are very abundant. Most of the pictures were taken by Mr. Frank Huxley, who soon showed his skill with the camera after landing in Adélie Land. As expedition photographer, says the author, "his enthusiasm and resourcefulness knew no bounds." His photographs, besides their technical excellence, have the rare quality that they really do illustrate the text; they give the reader a complete and vivid image of Adélie Land, its glaciers, penguins, seals, and blizzards. This amazingly clever photographer is now with Sir Ernest Shackleton on the coast of the Weddel Sea. There are also quite a number of exquisite Paget color photographs of Antarctic scenes. Good maps and a useful glossary of Polar technicalities complete a work whose only fault is its excessive length.

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY MACHIAVEL.

"The Political Thoughts of Heinrich von Treitschke." By H. W. C. DAVIS. (Constable. 6s. net.)

It is curious to reflect that of the two great peoples who achieved national unity in the nineteenth century, it was not his own countrymen but the Germans who took their inspiration from Machiavelli. Italy and Germany were both a collection of states, with traditions of discord and jealousy, and in both cases the problem of making these several states into one nation resembled in some aspects the problem that Machiavelli tried to solve four centuries earlier. But there was all the difference in the world between Cavour making Piedmont the school and then the deliverer of the national spirit, and the crafty and resolute adventurer, for whom Machiavelli hoped, who was to reduce to obedience the quarrelling princes and governments of a divided Italy in order to make an Italian people. Cavour though he was a master of art and stratagem ("If we had done for ourselves the things we are doing for Italy," he said once, "we should be great rascals"), was a Liberal believing more in ideas than in cannon, using the spiritual ambitions of Mazzini, and realizing by his statesmanship the dreams of Garibaldi's romantic warfare. He did not impose unity on reluctant states; he made a moral enthusiasm into one of the great powers of the politics of Europe. But if Machiavelli's own country became one by other means than those to which he had looked in the fifteenth century, his ideas found a theatre elsewhere. What the Papacy had been to Italy the Empire had been to Germany: here, too, history had left a problem for patriots, and it was in Germany that the drastic methods were to be used. And to Germany this Italian statecraft was brought by a Slav; for, as Cavour had his counterpart in Bismarck, and Garibaldi gives us the contrast to Moltke, so the inspiration that one people found in the teaching of Mazzini the other found in the teaching of Treitschke.

Mr. Davis's excellent book gives us a clear and careful picture of the development of Treitschke's philosophy. Like many other violent Imperialists, he began as a Liberal, and his first dreams of national unity were of a German nation united on Liberal principles. He hoped for a free State, in which the citizens would take their part in government; he described liberty as "ruling and being ruled at the same time," and he talked in the language of the American Declaration of Independence, of the just powers of government as derived from the consent of the governed. This phase did not last very long, though it produced a work "Die Freiheit," which still has its admirers in a nation that has preferred, unhappily, to find its inspiration in later and very different teaching. By the time he was thirty, he was summoning Prussia to the task that Machiavelli had assigned to his ideal adventurer, and defending this course by reasoning that his horrified father called Jesuitical. He was not yet wholly Prussian in temper. At this stage his mind was torn between his repugnance to Prussian

Junkerdom, so rudely different from the spirit of the ideal state as he had conceived it, and his admiration of the achievements of Prussia in history. Machiavelli had called for a conqueror to weld Italy together. Here was a state whose prosperous history was a series of conquests. "It is actually a fact that every square foot of earth which has been conquered for Germany during the last 200 years has been conquered by Prussia." Prussia was, by tradition, the military state, owing its place in the world to the sword and to a brutal disregard of every rival consideration in its rigorous pursuit of national aggrandisement; and the genius for concentration and selfishness which had raised the ancient House of Hohenzollern from the lordship of a million Lettish subjects to a position among the great dynasties of the world, might now be employed in overcoming the jealousies and separate ambitions of the German states and making a great Germany. Thus, beginning as a Liberal, he becomes an apostle of Prussia as the savior of Germany, though retaining some of his old Liberal feeling. He was angry with Bismarck for his Press Laws and his contempt for Parliamentary institutions, but his admiration for Prussia as a vigorous, powerful, successful state gradually gets the better of his Liberalism, and his original ideas of liberty and the State as a popular and spontaneous expression of the rights of all classes to some share in government melt away in his enthusiasm for Prussia, not merely as a deliverer, but as a governor. And here England, odd as it may seem, has some responsibility, for Treitschke argued that her success was due to the power of her aristocracy in Parliament and Local Government, and he began to think of the Junkers as the class that was to serve German politics in the same way. The Prussian Junkers, he declared, were the finest elements of the German nobility. Hence he came to regard the Junkers with a new sympathy and a new hope. It followed that his old ideas of freedom were in time quite transformed, and that, whereas he had originally based nationalism on Liberalism, seeing in the State the wish and the idea of the governed, arguing for popular suffrage, constitutional government, and Parliamentary control, he ended by thinking that even the subjects of the Great Elector had been free in the truest sense of the word, and by declaring of universal suffrage that it had given to the powers of stupidity, superstition, malice, and lying a disproportionate part in the life of the State. When demanding the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine he ridiculed the idea that the wishes of the people of Alsace-Lorraine should be considered; the provinces were German by right of the sword, and the Germans knew better than the Alsations what was good for them.

The sacrifice of the individual to the State came to mean the sacrifice of the many to the few ("The masses must toil at the plough, at the forge, at the carpenter's bench, so that a few thousands may be students or painters and poets"), and of the weak states to the strong, for small states were generally "incapable of culture in great dimensions." He was quite conscious of the revolution, and he said to a friend: "You would hardly recognize one story in the old building."

He had taken many of his ideas from Aristotle, and many from Machiavelli, but it is difficult not to believe that the form those ideas finally assumed in his mind was determined by the demoralizing spectacle of the success of Prussia. Prussia alone, he held, could unite Germany; armies and not Parliaments made the bonds of national unity. He began by wanting Prussia to be like his ideal state; he ended by wanting every state to be like Prussia.

"L'AFFAIRE COCHRANE."

"The Guilt of Lord Cochrane in 1814: A Criticism." By the Lord ELLENBOROUGH. (Smith, Elder. 12s. 6d. net.)

AFTER the General Election of 1807, Sir Francis Burdett's Radical colleague in the representation of Westminster was the dashing sailor, Thomas Cochrane (commonly called Lord Cochrane), afterwards tenth Earl of Dundonald. In June, 1814, Cochrane, together with his uncle Cochrane Johnstone and five other persons, was arraigned at the Guildhall,

before Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough and a special jury, on a charge of conspiracy to spread false news, with intent to raise the price of the public funds.

During the early hours of the morning of February 21st in the same year, one of the alleged conspirators had appeared at Dover in the guise of an aide-de-camp to Lord Cathcart. Demanding a chaise and four horses, he at once set out for London, travelling at great speed, and showering napoleons on the post-boys at every stage. He announced himself as the bearer of "glorious news": Bonaparte had been taken and put to death; the Allied Sovereigns were already in Paris. On the opening of the Stock Exchange, stocks began to rise with great rapidity. "Omnium," a curious compound of Consols and "Three per cent. Reduced," stood at a premium of less than 27. During the day it touched 33, but fell at the close to 28, when it was found that no confirmation of the news was forthcoming. Of this stock, Cochrane held £139,000, which he had bought on February 12th at 28½ premium. His holding was disposed of during February 21st, on an average, at 29½ premium, in pursuance, as he declared, of directions given at the time of purchase "to sell on a rise of 1 per cent." The defendants were all convicted. Cochrane was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, being further ordered to pay a fine of £1,000 and to stand in the pillory opposite the Royal Exchange. That certain of the accused were parties to the fraud has never been in doubt; but the question of Cochrane's complicity therein is one around which controversy has raged for more than a century. Thousands have esteemed him the victim of an unworthy political intrigue, of a grave miscarriage of justice. So recently as 1897, the late Mr. J. B. Atlay sought to establish his guilt in a volume of 520 pages, founded on papers collected and supplied to him by the author of the present work. The bibliography of the subject is immense; it covers no less than three pages of Mr. Atlay's book.

On July 5th, 1814, Cochrane was expelled from the House of Commons by 140 votes to 44, but within a few days was again returned as Member for Westminster. "No other candidate was put up," writes Romilly. "Sheridan had announced an intention of standing, but withdrew his claims, and told several persons that Lord Cochrane was the only man in the kingdom he would not oppose." Long afterwards, Lord Abinger, who had been one of Cochrane's counsel, declared to Lord Fortescue that he was satisfied of his innocence; while Chief Baron Kelly, who had "thought of the case much and long during more than forty years," was of opinion that he ought to have been "honorably acquitted." Brougham always expressed his disapproval of the verdict; and, although he, too, had been one of Cochrane's counsel, it was Cochrane who, on February 17th, 1817, after Brougham's alliance with "the speech-making gabbling Whigs," had read to the House the letter so damaging to the political reputation of that pushful advocate. On the other hand, Lord Halsbury, replying to Lord Fitzgerald twenty-five years ago, observed: "The noble and learned Lord must not assume that all enlightened, educated legal opinion concurs with him when he says there is no doubt whatever that Lord Cochrane's innocence was conclusively established."

In 1832, William IV. granted a free pardon to Cochrane, then become Lord Dundonald, and he was restored to the Navy List as Rear-Admiral. It is now suggested that the King yielded to the importunity of Dundonald's wife. "It is very difficult for a man brought up as a sailor," writes Lord Ellenborough, who is himself a seaman, "to say 'No' to a charming lady." Be this as it may, Dundonald relied, naturally enough, on what Lord Melville had written to him in 1825: "Unless the Secretary of State and the Law Officers of the Crown were satisfied that the verdict and sentence were unjust and ought not to have been pronounced, His Majesty would not be advised to grant a free pardon."

The heavy fine is said to have been paid by penny subscriptions, and the punishment of the pillory was never inflicted. Lord Ellenborough now maintains that this remission was a mere exercise of clemency by the Crown. But Romilly declared that "the enormity of the punishment" excited an interest in Cochrane's favor "which would never have appeared if his sentence had been at all proportioned to the offence"; while Lord Campbell has expressly stated that this part of the sentence was remitted "in obedience to the public voice."

The main purpose of this interesting work is apparently to repel imputations of partiality which have been levelled against the presiding judge; but it should never be forgotten that this object is not necessarily attained by establishing Cochrane's guilt. As Romilly, the most fair-minded of men, wrote at the time in his diary: "I do not see any reason to doubt his being guilty, but great reason to doubt his having been impartially tried."

A full quarter of the book is devoted to exhibiting the accused's "habitual disregard of the truth" by reference to his supposed mendacities and misdemeanors in the various stages of his remarkable naval career. Whether in command of the armaments of Chili, or engaged in the service of Brazil, or controlling the Grecian fleet, he is dubbed "the Last of the Buccaneers." There is a detailed account of the court-martial on Lord Gambier in 1809, with an excursus on shoals in Aix Roads and much talk of frigates, bombs, corvettes, and the like; but the relevance of all this is not manifest, unless it be to enable the author to remark, at p. 170, that "of cross-examination in any form Cochrane had a holy horror ever since he had been cross-examined at the trial of Lord Gambier"—an observation which he seizes the opportunity of repeating on p. 195.

"A Near Observer," writing in 1814, sneers at Cochrane as a "reforming patriot," his constituents are described as "mob-electors," and Westminster is declared to be "doubly disgraced." Such publications, filled, as they were, with effusive eulogies of Ellenborough, lent color to the charges of political bias preferred against him. Confessedly, he was no "reformer," finding it "impossible" even to read "The Wealth of Nations"; while he steadily opposed any alleviation of the barbarous criminal code. Bentham inveighed against the "atrocious eloquence" of "King Ellenborough," and his best friends recognized "the severity of his disposition." He once likened transportation to "a summer airing by an easy migration to a milder climate." Yet he was an upright magistrate and most able man, and the oft-repeated statement that, at the time of this trial, he was a member of the Cabinet, is quite untrue. Although his "summing-up" has been fiercely assailed, it contains no garbling of the evidence, and, as a speech for the Crown, might have been commended as unusually fair. But he undoubtedly took what is called a "strong line," and his language was forcible if not, at times, intemperate.

Moreover, Abinger and others have complained that the judge "arbitrarily hurried on the defence." The trial began at 9 a.m., and the case for the prosecution (according to the "Times" report) was not closed until "about 11 p.m." Park (afterwards a judge), one of the counsel for the defence, asserted that it was 16½ hours since he had "left his own dwelling," and submitted to Lord Ellenborough that the ends of justice demanded an adjournment; that a continuance of the hearing would inflict great hardship upon the parties. Ellenborough, however, insisted that the case should proceed, on the ground that several witnesses could not attend the next day without great public inconvenience. Now the speeches of the defendants' counsel lasted (as must have been anticipated) until after 3 a.m., when (according to the "Times") the court adjourned without a single witness having been called. Mr. Atlay, the judge's apologist, curiously suggests that his real object in refusing an adjournment was to make quite sure that no attempt was to be made to compromise the Regent's favorite, Lord Yarmouth, who had engaged to attend the Tsar of Russia next day in a city pageant. Cochrane's prosecution for "escape" from gaol is often cited as a further exhibition of political rancour. He was recaptured on March 20th, 1815, in the House of Commons; and for this escapade the Marshal of the King's Bench—a gentleman who, by the bye, received "in perquisites" £3,590 a year—imprisoned him in a strong room amidst such offensive surroundings that, in twenty-six days, he was released therefrom on the representations of the doctors. Nevertheless, more than a year after his discharge from gaol, in August, 1816—not 1815, as stated by mistake on p. 170—he was tried on indictment for the "escape." The jury were bound to convict, but they "took the liberty of saying" that, in their judgment, he had already been adequately punished. The judge, however, imposed a fine of £100, which was again defrayed by penny subscriptions.

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has rallied to it in its hour
of need?

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this great and glorious
heritage?

We will.

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A liberal sprinkling of cautionary stories—all true—imparts not only instructiveness, but also humor, to many pages; and it is almost as often the adult as the child who furnishes the warning instance. The ineptitude of maturity can seldom have been better exemplified than by the gentleman of whom the inquiry was made in the cliff tram at Scarborough: "How does this thing work?" and who replied: "By machinery," while the tale of a little girl who, when bidden to turn back in silence, loudly demanded: "Why?" and so aroused the attention of a grazing bull, carries a lesson, not only for pertinacious children, but also for too-explanatory parents. In her tendency to illustrative anecdote, as well as in her reasonableness, toleration, and cheerfulness of outlook, Mrs. Acland somewhat recalls the Edgeworths—those pioneers who practised in their home many of Doctor Montessori's principles a century before these were erected into a system. Like them, too, she has learned in the school of experience, and the children of whom she thinks and writes are never abstract types, but live persons.

THE NEW NOTE.

"Columbine." By VIOLA MEYNELL. (Secker. 6s.)

"MISS HARCOURT was quite famous for the way she ignored men, seeming quite to forget that they were there—and they always were there. She could not endure to look at a man if she had a girl friend near enough to devote herself to." This passage in an early page of "Columbine" arrests one's attention, and prepares one for the very acute study of the feminine heart, and of types so diverse as the little Cockney actress, Miss Lily Peak, the intent, competent girl-secretary, Jennifer Watts, and the passionately self-absorbed Alison Parish. If to many readers the talkative, bird-like, pretty Lily, with her shallow little heart and complacent twittering, seems the success of the book, it is because the author can set the girl's trite little thoughts ticking away at a touch, like a cheap American clock. It was a clever device to make the superior young man, Dixon Parish, insist on forcing poor shallow Lily into the arms of his refined family, for the Parish's well-bred reticence and kindness, in face of her futile chatter, mark the delusive depth of Dixon's infatuation. Only a clever woman could have written the scene of this meeting in the house in Little Ann Street, when Dixon feels how wonderful is the way in which women take to one another and become so intimate, and what a pity it is that Lily cannot stay with his people always, and be protected and cherished! The poor, darling innocent! Such soft, little feline sentences as "when Dixon heard his mother's questions to Lily, he wondered why he had not brought her long ago," and "if Lily were not perfectly happy, perhaps it meant that his mother, too, had not really enjoyed her

visit," are almost sisterly in their dreadful insight into the blind force of masculine obtuseness. But the whole picture of this sensitive household, with Mr. Parish's paternal defences of bland consideration for everybody's happiness, and Mrs. Parish's vigilant calm when the futures of her son and daughter are at stake, is done with fine intimacy. The daughter of the house, Alison, again, with her genius for making everybody round her miserable by simply refusing to turn her head or hear what is being said when her last love-affair has been going wrong, is a most subtle piece of character-drawing. Miss Meynell knows so well why women do not succeed in blinding one another, and what is in question when they do, that we examine with some curiosity her clever analysis of the sentimental oscillations of that very modern young man, Dixon, between Lily and Jennifer. For when Lily goes off light-heartedly on a country visit to her intellectual friend, Mrs. Smith, Dixon speedily discovers that he has been the victim of a passing attraction, and Jennifer's mere propinquity does the rest. The four chapters in Part II., "Passion Flower," which chronicle the overpowering surge of a young man's love-impulse in a new channel directly the old outlet is blocked up, prove with what a cool, discriminating touch Miss Meynell has felt the pulse of her own contemporaries. Dixon's ecstatic indulgence in the glow and glory of his own wonderful feelings is the modern note, one gathers, one that seems to go with much introspective sensitiveness and the superlative frankness of young people with one another to-day. But before the novel is two-thirds through, one begins to wonder whether Dixon is really a man, though the way in which he throws over Lily for Jennifer, we grant, is masculine enough.

Perhaps it is symptomatic of modern youth having too many opportunities thrown into its lap, too much done for it, and too little expected from it, this incapacity of Dixon to keep long on one tack; but we question whether, when he has felt the wind of his new desire begin to slacken, Dixon would have put his helm up again with such amazing alacrity. Jennifer feels her lover's misgiving, and asks if he is troubled; and then Dixon avows, promptly, "Well, I feel no certainty about anything. How can I tell one feeling from another? I thought the other was real at one time." The author may be diagnosing a very special case of masculine instability; but after the keen young doctor, Gilbert Lovat, has appeared on the scene and become engaged to Alison, one asks whether his masculine traits also are not chiefly external? Perhaps he has contracted Dixon's disease from his long talks with his friend in the tastefully bare early Georgian room in Little Ann Street? But the scene in which Gilbert confesses that he has been false to his honor, self-reliance, and love, and has made love to Jennifer, is—well, far too introspective for the masculine mind. Men do not probe these emotional situations with such intuitive understanding of all their implications, and the fact that both Jennifer's and Alison's happiness are at stake never apparently strikes these admirable young men. That we never once see Alison with her lover's eyes, or Gilbert in Jennifer's, suggests that the young doctor is a lay figure, conveniently draped for purposes of the story. Still, one must admit that the chart of Dixon's amorous temperature, of the chills and heats of his adolescent self-questionings, is kept with even more than sisterly care.

After all, it is as a study of feminine intuitions and of feminine valuations that "Columbine" shows real originality. The psychological analysis of Jennifer's "submerged trouble," of the conflict between her hungry passion and her exacting spirit when she realizes the barriers her lover has raised against her, is acutely interesting. Again, the description of Jennifer's lurking fear of men, and of the sudden splitting of her consciousness into two warring selves, is an avowal of a nature which women instinctively suppress. And the scene in which the spineless Dixon throws her off—tenderly, of course—while he recoils from "her blank horror and grief, and the horror of heaping all this misery upon her," is extraordinarily sensitive in its perception. As for Dixon, he goes back to Lily "to protect her." It is very cleverly conducted, this superior young man's high-flying and looping of the emotional loop, and it may be true to life. But in spite of the author's delicate exposition, or perhaps because of it, we are left wondering whether Dixon is really a man.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Religious Art in France: A Study in Medieval Iconography and its Sources of Inspiration." By EMILE MÂLE. Translated from the Third Edition by DORA NUSSEY. (Dent. 21s. net.)

For the plan of this book, M. Mâle has had recourse to the thirteenth-century writer, Vincent de Beauvais. That is to say, he divides his subject into four sections, corresponding to the four books of de Beauvais's "Mirror," and treating respectively of "Nature," "Instruction," "Morals," and "History." The scheme suggests the magnitude of the field covered; and indeed there is hardly a phase or aspect of medieval iconography that is not, at any rate, glanced at in this brilliant and scholarly volume. The whole significance of the Gothic Cathedral is summed up in its pages—its whole meaning as an encyclopædic expression of the human mind. In thirteenth-century thought one may observe two predominant characteristics. One was the passion for order, organization; the other the passion for symbolism. Thus, what appears to many people to be the artistic freedom of the Gothic Cathedral, even its artistic irresponsibility, was in reality a carefully elaborated scheme, governed by fixed ecclesiastical rules. In M. Mâle's analysis, the originality of the artist crumbles. The real artist was the monk or bishop who stood behind the actual workman. It is impossible here to give any idea of the scope of M. Mâle's examination of thirteenth-century symbolism. To the medieval mind the world itself was a symbol; the Scriptures, even if they were regarded as historical, were symbolic as well. Every department, in a word, of knowledge was pressed into the service of symbolism. In Pagan literature, for example, Ovid's "Metamorphoses" was regarded as a kind of Revelation to the Gentiles; and one might supplement M. Mâle's illustrations in this connection with Virgil's Fourth Eclogue, the Messianic idea in which has engaged the attention, not only of medievalists, but of modern scholars such as Professor R. S. Conway. This volume is profusely and finely illustrated, and this fact should extend its popularity beyond the students to whom it is primarily addressed.

* * *

"Practical Warfare: Chapters on Armies and Navies in Action." (Nash. 3s. 6d. net.)

This is a supplementary volume to "Nash's War Manual," and it aims at giving the civilian reader information about the thousand and one details which will enable him to estimate and understand the varying phases of the present conflict. Beginning with a chapter on "The Day's Work of a Soldier," it goes on to discuss the part played in modern warfare by artillery, air-craft, motor vehicles, mines, submarines, and so forth. In addition there are discussions of such general questions as Britain's control of the sea, the necessity of caution in accepting evidence for atrocities. There is a good description of a modern sea-fight, and information about similar matters concerning which most readers have more interest than knowledge. "Practical Warfare" is a decidedly useful compilation, and if it does not make its readers confirmed arm-chair strategists, it will at any rate enable them to read the news of the war with understanding of its significance.

The Week in the City.

THERE is a strange and painful contrast between the rising prices of food, coal, &c., and the falling price of money. There is very little business, of course, in the City—no

speculation on the Stock Exchange, and a sad shrinkage in the takings of hotel-keepers and shopkeepers in almost all parts of the country. At one good-sized City hotel where City men often lunch, I heard that business had fallen by £1,000 a month since the beginning of the war. As to the actual conditions in Lombard Street, money has been obtainable at 1 per cent., and three months' bills are dealt in at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the Bank Rate remains at 5 per cent. The conditions, of course, are artificial, arising partly from the Government guarantees, partly from a disposition to interfere with our free market by checking gold exports, but still more from the reduction in the volume of ordinary trade. The high price of wheat and coal has diverted Government attention from the City, and the City, to tell the truth, would be glad to be free from Treasury trammels. It would seem that the Government already recognizes that it has gone too far; for the Treasury has just broken its own rules by authorizing the flotation in London of a Cuban sugar company. Rumors of an early peace settlement are current in some quarters, and this may explain a slight decline in armament shares. War Loan scrip is at 7-16 discount. Japanese issues have been firm, owing, perhaps, to a belief, confirmed by the last mail, that Japan has practically closed down its war expenditure.

SOME UNRESTRICTED FOREIGN BOND PRICES.

The Foreign Bond Market was a favorite one with investors until prices rose too high to give them their 5 per cent., but the war slump has restored the old level of prices, and a very decided increase in business is apparent in one or two groups. There can be little doubt that the reviving popularity of some of the bonds is due to the absence of minimum price restrictions, which are acting as a deterrent to the purchase of many higher-class securities, because the investor suspects that, on their merits, they might be obtainable at lower prices. A reduction in the *minima* for Consols and other gilt-edged stocks is freely talked of, and this in itself makes purchasers hold off in the expectation of getting the stock at a lower price. The Foreign Bond Market was not at first subject to minimum prices, but minimum prices were distributed through it in an arbitrary sort of way as one of the Stock Exchange re-opening conditions. The following is a little list of freely marketable bonds which are not subject to minimum prices:—

	Price July 27.	Price Now.	Yield. £ s. d.
Argentine, 5% 1884	99	94 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 5 6
Do., 5% Northern Central Rlwy.	101	97 $\frac{1}{2}$	5 2 6
Do., 5% Port of B.A. Deba.	100	95	5 5 3
Brazil, 5% Funding 1914	—	77	6 11 0
Chilian, 5% 1909	94	84	5 19 0
Chinese, 5% 1912	86	84	5 19 0
Japan, 4% Stg.	74	70	5 14 3
Russian, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ % 1909	94	86	5 4 9
Turkish, 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ % (Egyptian Trib.)	84	79	4 8 6

The new Brazilian Funding Bonds yield more than 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while the old Funding Bonds have a minimum price of 98 and business has been done in them at just over that figure. If the present funding scheme is going to get Brazil out of its difficulties half as easily as did the former, the new funding bonds may prove a profitable investment to those who buy them at their present price. Interest on them is being paid in gold, in accordance with the terms of the scheme. The Turkish bonds secured upon the Egyptian Tribute might also prove a remunerative investment as the income out of which interest is paid does not pass through Turkish hands at all. Egypt in future may be expected to occupy a similar position to that of India, and India 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Stock stands at 83 (minimum).

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